



De Wilde pinx^t

Thornthwaite sculp.

MISS CHAPMAN as AUGUSTA AUBREY,

— I have no Friend or Refuge
in this World. —

London. Printed for J. Bell, British Library, Strand, Jan^y 19 1793.

THE
FASHIONABLE LADY

A
COMEDY,

By RICHARD CUMBERLAND, Esq.

ADAPTED FOR
THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRES-ROYAL,
DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,

By Permission of the Managers.

The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.

LONDON:

Printed for the Proprietors, under the Direction of
JOHN BELL, *British-Library, STRAND,*
Bookseller to His Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES.

MDCCLXIII.



D. H. 1793

Thornthwaite St.

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LONDON:

Printed by J. DODD, in Pall-mall.

Printed for the Proprietors, and the Direction of

JOHN HALL, in Pall-mall.

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MDCCLXXIII.

ADVERTISEMENT.

I COMMIT this Comedy to the press with all possible gratitude to the public for the reception it has met: I cannot flatter myself that the same applause will follow it to the closet; for as it owed much to an excellent representation, I have neither on this nor any preceding occasion, considered myself otherwise than as a sharer only with the managers and performers, who have distinguished themselves in the exhibition of my trifling productions. But it is not on the score of spectacle only that I am obliged to Mr. Garrick; I am, both in the instance of this comedy, and in that of the West Indian, materially indebted to his judgment, and owe the good effect of many incidents in both to his suggestion and advice: the correction of a real critic is as different from that of a pretender, as the operation of a surgeon from the stab of an assassin.

The Comedy now submitted to the reader, is designed as an attempt upon his heart, and as such, proceeds with little deviation from mine; if it should be thought, therefore, that I meant well, the charge of having executed indifferently I shall patiently submit to. I have on this occasion (as on the two preceding ones) wholly rested my performance upon such poor abilities as I am master of. I am not conscious of having drawn any particular assistance, either in respect of character or design, from the productions of others; although I am far from presuming to say or think, that I have ever exhibited any

character purely original. The level manners of a polished country like this, do not supply much matter for the comic muse, which delights in variety and extravagance; wherever, therefore, I have made any attempt at novelty, I have found myself obliged either to dive into the lower class of men, or betake myself to the outskirts of the empire: the centre is too equal and refined for such purposes.

Whether the reception of this Comedy may be such, as shall encourage me to future efforts, is of small consequence to the public: but if it should chance to obtain some little credit with the candid part of mankind, and its author for once escape without those personal and unworthy aspersions, which writers, who hide their own names, fling on them who publish theirs, my success, it may be hoped, will draw forth others to the undertaking with far superior requisites; and that there are numbers under this description, whose sensibility keeps them silent, I am well persuaded, when I consider how general it is for men of the finest parts, to be subject to the finest feelings; and I would submit, whether this unhandsome practice of abuse is not calculated to create in the minds of men of genius, not only a disinclination to engage in dramatic compositions, but a languid and unanimated manner of executing them. It will drive men from a necessary confidence in their own powers, and it will be thought convenient to get out of the torrent's way, by mooring under the lee of some great name, either French or Italian, and sitting down contented with the humble, but less exposed task of translation. Should this take place, a cold elaborate stile will prevail in our drama, clearly opposite to the national character, and not at all at unison with the taste of our writers themselves. Correctness will become the chief object in view; by which, though much may be avoided, little will be obtained: nothing great can be accomplished on a plain; turn to Shakspeare, and

you find the Alps not more irregular than his genius: had the critics of his days marked his inaccuracies with that illiberal spirit which seems reserved for our time, the bold and daring sallies of the sublimest muse would probably have been suppressed, and neither the great actor who has brought his scenes to life, nor the elegant essayist* who has defended them, would have made such display of their own genius in the celebration and protection of his.

RICHARD CUMBERLAND.

* Essay on the Genius and Writings of Shakspeare.

A ii

PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MR. WESTON,

In the Character of a Printer's Devil.

*I AM a devil, so please you—and must hoof
Up to the poet yonder with this proof.
I'd read it to you : but, in faith, 'tis odds
For one poor devil to face so many gods.
A ready imp I am, who kindly greets
Young authors with their first exploits in sheets;
While the press groans, in place of dry-nurse stands,
And takes the bantling from the midwife's hands.*

*If any author of prolific brains,
In this good company feels labour-pains;
If any gentle poet, big with rhyme,
Has run his reck'ning out and gone his time ;
If any critic, pregnant with ill-nature,
Cries out to be deliver'd of his satire ;
Know such, that at our hospital of Muses
He may lye in, in private, if he chuses ;
We've single lodgings there for secret sinners,
With good encouragement for young beginners.*

*Here's one now that is free enough in reason ;
This bard breeds regularly once a season ;*

*Three of a sort, of homely form and feature,
The plain coarse progeny of humble nature;
Home-bred and born; no strangers he displays,
Nor tortures free-born limbs in stiff French stays:
Two you have rear'd; but between you and me,
This youngest is the fav'rite of the three.
Nine tedious months he bore this babe about;
Let it in charity live nine nights out;
Stay but his month up; give some little law;
'Tis cowardly to attack him in the straw.*

*Dear Gentlemen Correctors, be more civil;
Kind courteous sirs, take council of the devil;
Stop your abuse; for while your readers see
Such malice, they impute your works to me;
Thus, while you gather no one sprig of fame,
Your poor unhappy friend is put to shame:
Faith, sirs, you should have some consideration,
When ev'n the devil pleads against damnation.*

Dramatis Personae.

DRURY-LANE.

Men.

LORD ABBERVILLE,	- - - -	Mr. Dodd.
MORTIMER,	- - - -	Mr. King.
AUBREY,	- - - -	Mr. Barry.
TYRREL,	- - - -	Mr. Reddish.
BRIDGEMORE,	- - - -	Mr. Bransby.
DOCTOR DRUID,	- - - -	Mr. Baddely.
JARVIS,	- - - -	Mr. Griffiths.
NAPTHALI,	- - - -	Mr. Waldron.
LA JEUNESSE,	- - - -	Mr. J. Burton.
COLIN MACLEOD,	- - - -	Mr. Moody.

Women.

AUGUSTA AUBREY,	- - - -	Mrs. Barry.
Mrs. BRIDGEMORE,	- - - -	Mrs. Hopkins.
LUCINDA BRIDGEMORE,	- - - -	Mrs. Egerton.
Mrs. MACINTOSH,	- - - -	Mrs. Love.
Maid Servant,	- - - -	Miss Platt.



THE FASHIONABLE LOVER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Hall in Lord ABBERVILLE's House with a Stair-case seen through an Arch. Several Domestics waiting in rich Liveries. Flourish of French-horns.

Enter COLIN hastily.

Colin.

Hoot! fellows, haud your honds: pack up your damned clarinets, and gang your gait for a pair of lubberly minstrels as you are. An you could hondle the bagpipes instead, I would na' say you nay: ah! 'tis an auncient instrument of great melody, and has whastled many a braw lad to his grave; but your holiday horns there are fit only to play to a drunken city barge, on a swan-hopping party up the Thames.

Enter LA JEUNESSE.

La Jeu. Fedon, Monsieur Colin, for why you have send away the horns? It is very much the ton in this

country for the fine gentlemens to have the horns: upon my vord, my lord this day give grand entertainment to very grand company; tous les maccaroni below stairs, et toute la coterie above. Hark, who waits dere? My lord ring his bell.—Voi la, Monsieur Colin, dere is all the company going to the tea-room.

Colin. [*Looking out.*] Now the de'il burst the weams of you all together, say I, for a pack of locusts; a cow in a clover-field has more moderation than the best among you; had my Lord Abberville the wealth of Glasgow, you'd swallow it all down before you gee'd it over.—Crom, crom.

La Jeu. Vat is dat crom, crom? We do not know in France, vat is dat crom, crom. But vat you say to the dinner? Upon my vord, monsieur, the cook make as fine dispositions for the table, as the Grand Condé did for the battle: ma foi, he merit to have his statue raised en crocan in the centre of his own performance.

Colin. Rais'd on a gibbet in the centre of Hounslow Heath; that's what he merits.

La Jeu. Ah, barbare! Here come my lord.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Lord ABBERVILLE.

Lord Abb. Colin, see that covers are laid for four-and-twenty, and a supper served at twelve in the great eating parlour.

Colin. Ecod, my lord, had you ken'd the mess of

cakes and sweeties that was hounded up amongst 'em just now, you would na' think there could be muckle need of supper this night.

Lord Abb. What, fellow, would you have me starve my guests?

Colin. Troth, an you don't, they'll go nigh to starve you.

Lord Abb. Let me hear no more of this, Colin Macleod; I took you for my servant, not for my adviser.

Colin. Right, my lord, you did; but if by advising I can serve you, where's the breach of duty in that? [*Exit.*

Lord Abb. What a Highland savage is this! My father indeed made use of him to pay the servants' wages, and post the tradesmens' accounts; as I never do either, I wish somebody else had him that does.

Enter MORTIMER, repeating to himself.

Mort. *Is this a dinner, this a genial room?*

This is a temple and a hecatomb.

Lord Abb. What, quoting, Mortimer, and satire too?—I thought you need not go abroad for that.

Mort. True; therefore I'm returning home.—Good night to you.

Lord Abb. What, on the wings so soon! With so much company, can my philosopher want food to feast his spleen upon?

Mort. Food! I revolt against the name; no Bramin could abominate your fleshly meal more than I

do; why, Hirtius and Apicius would have blushed for it: Mark Antony, who roasted eight whole boars for supper, never massacred more at a meal than you have done.

Lord Abb. A truce, good cynick: pr'ythee now get thee up stairs, and take my place; the ladies will be glad of you at cards.

Mort. Me at card! Me at a quadrille table! Pent in with fuzzing dowagers, gossiping old maids, and yellow admirals! 'sdeath, my Lord Abberville, you must excuse me.

Lord Abb. Out on thee, unconformable being: thou art a traitor to society.

Mort. Do you call that society?

Lord Abb. Yes; but not my society; none such as you describe will be found here; my circle, Mr. Mortimer, is formed by people of the first fashion and spirit in this country.

Mort. Fashion and spirit! Yes, their country's like to suffer by their fashion more than 'twill ever profit by their spirit.

Lord Abb. Come, come, your temper is too sour.

Mort. And yours too sweet: a mawkish lump of manna; sugar to the mouth, but physic to the bowels.

Lord Abb. Mr. Mortimer, you was my father's executor; and I did not know that your office extended any farther.

Mort. No; when I gave a clear estate into your

hands, I cleared myself of an unwelcome office: I was, indeed, your father's executor; the gentlemen of fashion and spirit will be your lordship's.

Lord Abb. Pooh! You've been black-ball'd at some paltry port-drinking club; and set up for a man of wit and ridicule.

Mort. Not I, believe me; your companions are too dull to laugh at, and too vicious to expose.—There stands a sample of your choice.

Lord Abb. Who, Doctor Druid? Where's the harm in him.

Mort. Where's the merit?—What one quality does that old piece of pedantry possess to fit him for the liberal office of travelling-preceptor to a man of rank? You know, my lord, I recommended you a friend as fit to form your manners as your morals; but he was a restraint; and, in his stead, you took that Welchman, that buffoon, that antiquarian forsooth, who looks as if you had raked him out of the cinders of Mount Vesuvius.

Lord Abb. And so I did: but pr'ythee, Mortimer, don't run away; I long to have you meet.

Mort. You must excuse me.

Lord Abb. Nay, I must have you better friends.—Come hither, doctor; hark'e——

Mort. Another time; at present, I am in no humour to stay the discussion of a cockle-shell, or the dissection of a butterfly's wing. [Exit.

Enter Doctor DRUID.

Dr. Druid. Putterflies, putterflies in your teeth, Mr. Mortimer. What is the surly-poots prabbling about? Cot give her coot luck; will the man never leave off his flings and his fleers, and his fegaries; packpitting his petters:—Coot, my lord, let me call him back, and have a little tisputes and tisputations with him, d'ye see.

Lord Abb. Hang him, tedious rogue, let him go.

Dr. Druid. Tedious! ay, in cood truth he is, as tedious as a Lapland winter, and as melancholy too; his crotchets and his humours damp all mirth and merriment, as a wet blanket does a fire: he is the very night-mare of society.

Lord Abb. Nay, he talks well sometimes.

Dr. Druid. Ay, 'tis pig sound and little wit; like a loud pell to a pad dinner.

Lord Abb. Patience, good doctor, patience! Another time you shall have your revenge; at present you must lay down your wrath, and take up your attention.

Dr. Druid. I've done, my lord, I've done! laugh at my putterflies indeed! If he was as pig and as pold as King Gryffyn, Doctor Druid would make free to whisper an oord or two in his ear.

Lord Abb. Peace, cholerick king of the mountains, peace.

Dr. Druid. I've done, my lord; I say, I've done.

Lord Abb. If you have done, let me begin. You

must know then, I expect my city madam from Fish-street-hill.

Dr. Druid. Ay, ay, the rich pig-pellied fellow's daughter, young madam Bridgemore, my Lady Apperville, that is to be, pless her, and save her, and make her a coot wife, say I.

Lord Abb. Pr'ythee, good doctor, don't put a man in mind of his misfortunes: I tell you she is coming here by appointment, with old Bridgemore and her mother; 'tis an execrable groupe; and, as I mean to make all things as easy to me as I can, I'm going out to avoid being troubled with their impertinence.

Dr. Druid. Going out, my lord, with your house full of company.

Lord Abb. Oh, that's no objection; none in the least; fashion reconciles all those scruples: to consult your own ease in all things is the very first article in the recipe for good breeding: when every man looks after himself, no one can complain of neglect; but as these maxims may not be orthodox on the eastern side of Temple-Bar, you must stand, Gentleman Usher on this spot; put your best face upon the matter, and marshal my citizens into the assembly-room, with as much ceremony, as if they came up with an address from the whole company of Cordwainers.

Dr. Druid. Out on it, you've some tevilish oomans in the wind; for when the tice are rattling above, there's nothing but teath or the tevil, could keep you below.

Lord Abb. You've guess'd it; such a divine, delicious little devil, lurks in my heart; Glendower himself could not exercise her: I am possessed; and from the hour I saw her by surprise, I have been plotting methods how to meet her; a lucky opening offers; the mine is laid, and Bridgemore's visit is the signal for springing it.

Dr. Druid. Bridgemore's!—How so?

Lord Abb. Why, 'tis with him she lives; what else could make it difficult, and what but difficulty could make me pursue it? They prudently enough would have concealed her from me; for who can think of any other, when Miss Aubrey is in sight!—But hark! they're come; I must escape.—Now, love and fortune stand my friends! [Exit.

Dr. Druid. Pless us, what hastes and hurries he is in! and all for some young hussy.—Ah! he'll never have a proper relish for the venerable antique: I never shall bring down his mercury to touch the proper freezing point, which that of a true virtuoso ought to stand at: sometimes, indeed, he will contemplate a beautiful statue, as if it was a woman; I never could persuade him to look upon a beautiful woman, as if she was a statue.

Enter BRIDGEMORE, Mrs. BRIDGEMORE, and LUCINDA.

Bridge. Doctor, I kiss your hands; I kiss your hands, good Doctor.—How these nobles live! Zooks, what a swinging chamber!

Mrs. Bridge. Why, Mr. Bridgemore, sure you think yourself in Leatherseller's-hall.

Luc. Pray, recollect yourself, papa; indeed this is not Fish-street-hill.

Bridge. I wish it was; I'd soon unhouse this trumpery; I'd soon furnish it with better goods.—Why, this profusion, child, will turn your brain.

Mrs. Bridge. Law, how you stand and stare at things! stooping in the hall to count the servants; gaping at the lustre there, as if you'd swallow it.—I suppose our daughter, when she's a woman of quality, will behave as other women of quality do.—Lucinda, this is Dr. Druid, Lord Abberville's travelling tutor, a gentleman of very ancient family in North Wales.

Luc. So it should seem, if he's the representative of it.

Dr. Druid. Without flattery, Mrs. Pridgemore, Miss has very much the behaviours of an ooman of quality already.

Mrs. Bridge. Come, sir, we'll join the company, Lord Abberville will think us late.

Dr. Druid. Yes, truly, he's impatient for our coming; but you shall find him not at home.

Mrs. Bridge. How! not at home?

Luc. A mighty proof of his impatience, truly.

Dr. Druid. Why, 'twas some plaguy business took him out; but we'll dispatch it out of hand, and wait upon you quickly.

Bridge. Well, business—business must be done.

Mrs. Bridge. I thought my lord had been a man of fashion, not of business.

Luc. And so he is ; a man of the first fashion ; you cannot have a fresher sample :—the worst gallant in nature is your maccaroni ; with the airs of a coquette, you meet the manners of a clown : fear keeps him in some awe before the men, but not one spark of passion has he at heart, to remind him of the ladies.

Mrs. Bridge. Well, we must make our curtsies above stairs—Our card was from Lady Caroline : I suppose she is not from home, as well as her brother.

Dr. Druid. Who waits there ?—Shew the ladies up.

Bridge. Ay, ay, go up and shew your clothes ; I'll chat with Dr. Druid here below. [*Exeunt Mrs. Bridge. and Luc.*] I love to talk with men that know the world :—they tell me, sir, that you have travelled it all over.

Dr. Druid. Into a pretty many parts of it.

Bridge. Well, and what say you, sir ? You're glad to be at home ; nothing, I warrant, like old England. Ah ! what's France, and Spain, and Burgundy, and Flanders ? No—Old England for my money ; 'tis worth all the world besides.

Dr. Druid. Your pelly says as much :—'twill fill the pot, but starve the prain ; 'tis full of corn, and sheep, and villages, and people :—England, to the rest of the oorld, is like a flower-garden to a forest.

Bridge. Well, but the people, sir ;—what say you to the people ?

Dr. Druid. Nothing ; I never meddle with the hu-

man species: man, living man, is no object of my curiosity—nor ooman neither; at least, Mr. Bridgemore, till she shall be made a mummies of.

Bridge. I understand you; you speak in the way of trade;—money's your object.

Dr. Druid. Money and trade!—I scorn them both; the beaten track of commerce I disdain to follow:—I've traced the Oxus, and the Ton; traversed the Riphæan Mountains, and pierced into the inmost Te-sarts of Kalmuc Tartary—follow trade indeed!—No, —I've followed the ravages of Kouli Chan with rapturous delight:—there is the land of wonders! finely depopulated! gloriously laid waste! fields without a hoof to tread them; fruits without a hand to gather them; with such a catalogue of pats, peetles, serpents, scorpions, caterpillars, toads,—Oh, 'tis a recreating contemplation to a philosophic mind!

Bridge. Out on them, filthy vermin! I hope you left them where you found them.

Dr. Druid. No, to my honour be it spoken, I have imported above fifty different sorts of mortal poisons into my native country.

Bridge. Lack-a-day, there's people enough at home can poison their native country.

Re-enter Mrs. BRIDGEMORE and LUCINDA.

So, ladies, have you finished your visit already.

Mrs. Bridge. We've made our curtsies, and come away.

Dr. Druid. Marry, the fates and the fortunes forbid that you should go till my lord comes back.

Luc. Why not?—If my lord treats me already with the freedom of a husband, shouldn't I begin to practise the indifference of a wife? *[Exit.*

Dr. Druid. Well, but the supper, Mr. Bridgemore; you a citizen, and leave the supper?

Bridge. Your fifty mortal poisons have given me my supper:—scorpions, and bats, and toads—come, let's be gone.

Dr. Druid. Would they were in your pelly!

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

An Apartment in BRIDGEMORE'S House. Enter Miss AUGUSTA AUBREY and TYRREL, and a Maid Servant with Lights.

Aug. How I am watched in this house you well know, Mr. Tyrrel; therefore you must not stay:—what you have done and suffered for my sake, I never can forget; and 'tis with joy I see you now, at last, surmount your difficulties, by the recovery of Lord Courtland: may your life never be again exposed on my account.

Tyr. I glory in protecting you;—when he, or any other rake, repeats the like offence, I shall repeat the like correction. I am now going to my uncle Mortimer, who does not know that I am in town. Life

is not life without thee ; never will I quit his feet, till I have obtained his voice for our alliance.

Aug. Alas ! what hope of that from Mr. Mortimer, whose rugged nature knows no happiness itself, nor feels complacency in that of others !

Tyr. When you know Mr. Mortimer, you'll find how totally the world mistakes him.—Farewell, my dear Augusta ; back'd with thy virtuous wishes, how can I fail to prosper ? *[Exit. Tyr.]*

[Augusta enters an inner apartment.]

Enter Maid, introducing Lord ABBERVILLE.

Maid. All's safe ; follow me, my lord ; she is in her bed-chamber.

Lord Abb. Where ? where ?

Maid. There ; where you see the light through the glass-door. If I thought you had any wicked designs in your head, I wouldn't have brought you here for the word ; I should be murder'd if the family were to know it :—For pity's sake, my lord, never betray me.

Lord Abb. Go, get you gone ; never talk of treason, my thoughts are full of love. *[Exit Maid.]*—First I'll secure the door ; 'twill not be amiss to bar this retreat. *[Locks the door, and advances to the glass door.]*—Ay, there she is !—How pensive is that posture !—Musing on her condition ; which, in truth, is melancholy enough : an humble cousin to a vulgar tyrant.—'Sdeath, she cannot choose but jump at my proposals.—See, she weeps.—I'm glad on't—grief dis-

poses to compliance.—'tis the very moment to assail her.

[*Aug. comes to the door with a candle in her hand ; seeing Lord ABBERVILLE, starts*]

Aug. Who's there ? who's at the door ? Ah!—

Lord Abb. Hush, hush ; your screams will rouse the house.—'Tis I, Miss Aubrey—'tis Lord Abberville.—Give me your hand—nay, be composed.—Let me set down the candle :—you are safe —

Aug. Safe, my lord !—Yes, I'm safe :—but you are mistaken ;—Miss Bridgemore's not at home ; or, if she was, this is no place to meet her in.

Lord Abb. I'm glad of that ;—bless'd in Miss Aubrey's company. I wish no interruption from Miss Bridgemore.

Aug. I should be loath to think so ;—an avowal of baseness to one woman, should never be taken as flattery by another.—In short, my lord, I must intreat you to let the servants shew you to some fitter apartment. I am here in a very particular situation, and have the strongest reasons for what I request.

Lord Abb. I guess your reasons, but cannot admit them. I love you, madam ; let that declaration be my excuse.

Aug. Nay, now your frolick has the air of insult, and I insist upon your leaving me.

[*Knocking at the door*]

Luc. [*Without.*] Who's within there ?

Aug. Hark, hark ! Miss Bridgemore, as I live.—Come in.

Bar 1793

1793

REASONABLE: I OVER

*By these sheets - How precious
is that in the heart*

part to compliance;—'tis the very moment to
 her.

[*Aug. enters to the door with a candle in her hand, and
 seeing Lord Abberville, starts.*]

Aug. Who's there? who's at the door? Ah—
Lord Ab. Hush, hush; your screams will ro-
 bust—*Aug.* 'Tis I, Miss Aubrey—'tis Lord Abber-
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 we sit down the candle:—you are safe—

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 them. I love you, madam; let that declaration be
 my excuse.

Aug. Nay, now your frolick has the air of earnest,
 and I trust upon your leaving me.

[*Knocking at the door.*]

Aug. [*Starts.*] Who's within there?

Aug. Hark, hark! Miss Bridgemore, as I live,—
 in.

B. R. 4. C. A. 7.



THE FASHIONABLE LOVERS.

Lord Abb. *Ally, there she is! — How pensive
is that posture!*

Act I.

Metz del.

Loney sculp.

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Luc. Come in!—Why, you have lock'd the door.

Aug. Lock'd! is it lock'd?—for shame, for shame! thus am I sacrific'd to your ungenerous designs:—she must come in.

Lord Abb. Stay, stay; she must not find me here; there's one retreat; your chamber; lock me in there; I may still escape.

Luc. [*Without.*] What are you about, Miss Aubrey?—Let me in.

Aug. Where shall I turn myself? You've ruined all: if you're discovered, I shall never gain belief.

Lord Abb. Be advised then:—we have only this chance left. [*Goes to the bed-room door.*]

Luc. [*Without.*] Miss Aubrey, if you don't let me in immediately, I shall call up mamma; so pray unlock the door.

Aug. I scarce know what I do. [*Locks Lord Abb. in, then opens the outer door.*] There, madam, you're obeyed.

Enter LUCINDA BRIDGEMORE.

Luc. Why, surely, you affect extraordinary privacy.—It seems you've had your Tyrrel in our absence.

Aug. Yes, Mr. Tyrrel has been here.

Luc. Humph! you're in mighty spirits.

Aug. No, madam; my poor spirits suit my poor condition: you, I hope, are rich in every sense.

Luc. She's happy, I can see, though she attempts to hide it: I can't bear her. [*Aside.*]—Pray, Miss

Aubrey, what are your designs—to ruin this young man?

Aug. Madam!

Luc. Can you now in your heart suppose that Mortimer will let his nephew marry you? Depend upon't (I tell you as your friend) as soon as that old cynic hears of it (which I have taken care he shall) your hopes are crushed at once.

Aug. When were they otherwise?

Luc. I don't know what to make of her—she seems confus'd—her eyes wander strangely: watching the bed-room door—what is it she looks at?

Aug. Where are you going?

Luc. Going! Nay, no where—she's alarmed—Miss Aubrey, I have a foolish notion in my head, that Mr. Tyrrel's in this house.

Aug. No, on my word—shall I light you to your room?

Luc. So ready!—No; your own will serve: I can adjust my head-dress at your glass—Hey-day; all's fast—you've locked the door.—

Aug. Have I, indeed?

Luc. Yes, have you, madam; and if my suspicion's true, your lover's in it—open it.

Aug. I beg to be excused.

Luc. Oh! are you caught at last? Admit me.

Aug. You cannot sure be serious—think I've the sanction of a guest.

Luc. Ridiculous! I'll raise the house—let me come to the bell.

Aug. Hold! hold! you don't know what you do: for your own sake desist: to save your own confusion, more than mine, desist, and seek no farther.

Luc. No, madam; if I spare you, may the shame that waits for you fall on my head.

Aug. At your own peril be it then! Look there.

[*Opens, and discovers Lord Abb.*]

Luc. Astonishing! Lord Abberville! This is indeed extraordinary; this, of all frolicks modern wit and gallantry have given birth to, is in the newest and the boldest stile.

Lord Abb. Upon my life, Miss Bridgemore, my visit has been intirely innocent.

Luc. Oh, yes! I give you perfect credit for your innocence; the hour, the place, your Lordship's character, the lady's composure, are all innocence itself. Can't you affect a little surprise, ma'am, at finding a gentleman in your bed-room, though you placed him there yourself? So excellent an actress might pretend a fit on the occasion: Oh, you have not half your part.

Lord Abb. Indeed, Miss Bridgemore, you look upon this in too serious a light.

Luc. No, be assured: I'm charmed with your address; you are a perfect fashionable lover: so agreeable to invite us to your house, so well bred to be from home, and so considerate to visit poor Miss Aubrey in our absence: altogether I am puzzled which to prefer, your wit, politeness, or your honour.

Aug. Miss Bridgemore, 'tis in vain to urge my inno-

cence to you ; Heaven and my own heart acquit me ; I must endure the censure of the world.

Luc. O, madam, with Lord Abberville's protection you may set that at nought : to him I recommend you : your company in this house will not be very welcome. [Exit.

Lord Abb. [To her as she goes out.] Then, madam, she shall come to mine ; my house, my arms are open to receive her.—Fear nothing, set her at defiance ; resign yourself to my protection ; you shall face your tyrant, out-face her, shine above her, put her down in splendor as in beauty ; be no more the servile thing her cruelty has made you ; but be the life, the leader of each public pleasure, the envy of all woman-kind, the mistress of my happiness——

Aug. And murderer of my own. No, no, my lord, I'll perish first ; the last surviving orphan of a noble house, I'll not disgrace it : from these mean, unfeeling people, who to the bounty of my ancestors owe all they have, I shall expect no mercy ; but you, whom even pride might teach some virtue, you to tempt me, you with unmanly cunning to seduce distress, yourself created, sinks you deeper in contempt than Heaven sinks me in poverty and shame. [Exit.

Lord Abb. A very unpromising campaign truly : one lady lost, and the other in no way of being gained. Well, I'll return to my company ; there is this merit however in gaming, that it makes all losses appear trivial but its own.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Library in MORTIMER's House. MORTIMER alone.

Mortimer.

So I sol another day ; another twelve hours round of folly and extravagance ; 'pshaw, I am sick on't. What is it our men of genius are about ? Jarring and jangling with each other, whilst a vast army of vices overruns the whole country at discretion.

Enter JARVIS.

Now, Jarvis, what's your news ?

Jar. My morning budget, sir ; a breakfast of good deeds ; the offerings of a full heart and the return of an empty purse, There, sir, I've done your errand ; and wish hereafter you could find another agent for your charities.

Mort. Why so, Charles ?

Jar. Because the task grows heavy ; besides, I'm old and foolish, and the sight is too affecting.

Mort. Why doesn't do like me then ? Sheath a soft heart in a rough case, 'twill wear the longer ; finer thyself, good Jarvis, as thy master does, and keep a marble outside to the world. Who dreams that I am the lewd fool of pity, and thou, my pandar, Jarvis, my provider ? You found out the poor fellow then, the half pay officer I met last Sunday——

Jar. With difficulty ; for he obtruded not his sorrows on the world ; but in despair had crept into a

corner, and, with his wretched family about him, was patiently expiring.

Mort. Pr'ythee no more on't: you sav'd him; you reliev'd him; no matter how; you made a fellow creature happy, that's enough.

Jar. I did, sir; but his story's so affecting——

Mort. Keep it to thyself, old man, then; why must my heart be wrung? I too am one of nature's spoilt children, and hav'n't yet left off the tricks of the nursery.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Mr. Tyrrel's come to town, and begs to see you.

Mort. Let him come in. [Exit Serv.]

Enter TYRREL.

So, nephew, what brings you to town? I thought you was a prisoner in the country.

Tyr. I was; but now my Lord Courtland has obtained his liberty, no reason holds why I should not recover mine.

Mort. Well, sir, how have you fill'd up your time? In practising fresh thrusts, or repenting of that which is past? You've drawn your sword to satisfy one man, now think of satisfying the rest of mankind.

Tyr. You know my story, sir: I drew my sword in the defence of innocence: to punish and repel the libertine attempts of an ennobled ruffian; every man of honour would have done the same.

Mort. Yes, honour: you young men are subtle arguers; the cloak of honour covers all your faults, as that of passion all your follies.

Tyr. Honour is what mankind have made it; and as we hold our lives upon these terms, with our lives it behoves us to defend them.

Mort. You have made it reason then it seems; make it religion too, and put it out of fashion with the world at once: of this be sure, I would sooner cast my guineas in the sea, than give 'em to a duellist. But come, Frank, you are one from prejudice, not principle; therefore we'll talk no more on't. Where are you lodged?

Tyr. At the hotel hard by.

Mort. Then move your baggage hither, and keep house with me: you and I, nephew, have such opposite pursuits that we can never justle; besides they tell me you're in love; 'twill make a good companion of you; you shall rail at one sex, while I'm employed with t'other, and thus we may both gratify our spleen at once.

Tyr. O, sir, unless you can consent to hear the praises of my lovely girl from hour to hour, in endless repetition, never suffer me within your doors.

Mort. Thy girl, Frank, is every thing but rich, and that's a main blank in the catalogue of a lady's perfections.

Tyr. Fill it up then, dear uncle; a word of yours will do it.

Mort. True, boy, a word will do it; but 'tis a long word; 'tis a lasting one; it should be, therefore, a deliberate one: but let me see your girl; I'm a sour fellow; so the world thinks of me; but it is against

the proud, the rich I war: poverty may be a misfortune to Miss Aubrey; it would be hard to make it an objection.

Tyr. How generous is that sentiment!—Let me have your consent for my endeavours at obtaining hers, and I shall be most happy.

Mort. About it then; my part is soon made ready; yours is the task: your are to find out happiness in marriage; I'm only to provide you with a fortune. [*Exit Tyr.*] Well, Frank, I suspected thou hadst more courage than wit, when I heard of thy engaging in a duel; now thou art for encountering a wife, I am convinced of it. A wife! 'sdeath, sure some planetary madness reigns amongst our wives; the dog-star never sets, and the moon's horns are fallen on our heads.

Enter COLIN.

Colin. The gude time o'day to you, gude Maister Mortimer.

Mort. Well, Colin, what's the news at your house?

Colin. Nay, no great spell of news, gude faith; aw things with us gang on after the auld sort. I'm weary of my life amongst 'em; the murrian take 'em all, sike a family of free-booters, Maister Mortimer; an I speak a word to 'em, or preach up a little needful œconomy, hoot! the whole clan is up in arms. I may speak it in your ear, an the de'il himsell was to turn house-keeper, he could na' pitch upon a fitter set; fellows of all trades, countries, and occupations; a ragamuffin crew; the very refuse of the mob, that canna'

count past twa generations without a gibbet in their 'scutcheon.

Mort. Ay, Colin, things are miserably changed since your old master died.

Colin. Ah, Maister Mortimer, it makes my heart drop blude to think how much gude counsel I ha' cast away upon my laird; i'faith, I hanna 'stinted him o' that; I gee'd him rules and maxims of gude husbandry in plenty, but aw in vain; the dice ha' deafen'd him.

Mort. Yes, and destroyed; his head, heart, happiness are gone to ruin; the least a gamester loses is his money.

Colin. Ecod, and that's no trifle in this case: last night's performances made no small hole in that.

Mort. Whence learn you that?

Colin. From little Napthali, of St. Mary, Axe: when a man borrows money of a Jew, 'tis a presumption no Christian can be found to lend him any.

Mort. Is your lord driven to such wretched shifts?

Colin. Hoot! know you not that every losing gamester has his Jew? He is your only doctor in a desperate case; when the regulars have brought you to Death's door, the quack is invited to usher you in.

Mort. Your Jew, Colin, in the present case, favours more of the lawyer than the doctor: for I take it he makes you sign and seal as long as you have effects.

Colin. You've hit the nail o' the hede; my laird will sign to any thing; there's bonds, and blanks, and bargains, and promisory notes, and a damned sight

of roguries, depend on't. Ecod he had a bundle for his breakfast, as big as little Naphthali could carry; I would it had braken his bock; and yet he is na' half the knave of yon fat fellow upon Fish-street-hill.

Mort. Bridgemore, you mean.

Colin. Ay, ay, he's at the bottom of the plot; this little Hebrew's only his jackall.

Mort. I comprehend you: Bridgemore, under cover of this Jew, has been playing the usurer with Lord Abberville, and means to pay his daughter's portion in parchment: this must be prevented.

Colin. You may spare your pains for that; the match is off.

Mort. Hey-day, friend Colin, what has put off that?

Colin. Troth, Mr. Mortimer, I canna' satisfy you on that hede; but yesternight the job was done; methought the business never had a kindly aspect from the first.

Mort. Well, as my lord has got rid of miss, I think he may very well spare her fortune.

Colin. Odzooks, but that's no reason he should lose his own.

Mort. That, Colin, may be past my power to hinder; yet even that shall be attempted: find out the Jew that Bridgemore has employed, and bring him hither, if you can.

Colin. Let me alone for that; there never was a Jew, since Samson's time, that Colin cou'd na' deal with; an' he hangs bock, and will na' follow kindly, troth,

I'll lug him to you by the ears; ay, will I, and his master the fat fellow into the bargain.

Mort. No, no, leave me to deal with Bridgemore; I'll scare away that cormorant; if the son of my noble friend will be undone, it never shall be said he fell without an effort on my part to save him. [*Exit.*

Colin. By Heaven you speak that like a noble gentleman. Ah, Maister Mortimer, in England he that wants money wants every thing; in Scotland now, few have it, but every one can do without it.

[*Exit Colin.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in BRIDGEMORE'S House. BRIDGEMORE and Doctor DRUID.

Bridge. But what is all this to me, doctor; while I have a good house over my head, what care I if the Pyramids of Egypt were sunk into the earth? London, thank Heaven, will serve my turn.

Dr. Druid. Ay, ay, look ye, I never said it wasn't coot enough for them that live in it.

Bridge. Good enough! Why what is like it? Where can you live so well?

Dr. Druid. No where, coot truth, 'tis all cooks shops and putchers shambles; your very streets have savoury names; your Poultry, your Pye-corner, and Pudding-lane, your Bacon-alley, and Fish-street-hill here; o' my oord, the map of London, would

furnish out an admirable pill of fare for a Lord Mayor's dinner.

Bridge. Well, doctor, I am contented with Fish-street-hill; you may go seek for lodgings yonder in the ruins of Palmyra.

Dr. Druid. Ruins indeed! what are all your new buildings, up and down yonder, but ruins? Improve your own a little further, and you'll drive every man of sense out of it; pless us, and save us, bye and bye not a monument of antiquity will be left standing, from London-stone to Westminster-hall.

Bridge. And if the Commissioners of Paving would mend the streets with one, and present t'other as a nuisance, bone-setters and lawyers would be the only people to complain.

Dr. Druid. Down with 'em then at once, down with every thing noble and venerable and ancient amongst you; turn the Tower of London into a Pantheon, make a new Adelphi of the Savoy, and bid adieu to all ages but your own; you will then be no more in the way of deriving dignity from your progenitors, than you are of transmitting it to your posterity.

Bridge. Well, doctor, well, leave me my opinion and keep your own; you've a veneration for rust and cobwebs; I am for brushing them off wherever I meet them: we are for furnishing our shops and warehouses with good profitable commodities; you are for storing them with all the monsters of the creation: I much doubt if we could serve you with a

dried rattlesnake, or a stuf't alligator, in all the pur-lieus of Fish-street-hill.

Dr. Druid. A stuf't alligator. A stuf't alderman would be sooner had.

Bridge. May be so; and let me tell you an anti-quarian is as much to seek in the city of London, as an alderman would be in the ruins of Herculaneum; every man after his own way, that's my maxim: you are for the paltry ore; I am for the pure gold; I dare be sworn now, you are as much at home amongst the snakes and serpents, at Don Saltero's, as I am with the Jews and jobbers, at Jonathan's.

Dr. Druid. Coot truth, Mr. Pridgemore, 'tis hard to say which connection is the most harmless of the two.

Enter Mrs. BRIDGEMORE.

Mrs. Bridge. I'm out of patience with you, Mr. Bridgemore, to see you stir no brisker in this business; with such a storm about your ears, you stand as idle as a Dutch sailor in a trade-wind.

Bridge. Truly, love, till you come in, I heard nothing of the storm.

Mrs. Bridge. Recollect the misadventure of last night: the wickedness of that strumpet you have harboured in your house; that viper, which would never have had strength to sting, had not you warmed it in your bosom.

Dr. Druid. Faith and truth now, I hav'n't heard better reasoning from an ooman this many a day;

you shall know Mr. Pridgemore, the viperous species love warmth; their stings, look ye, is then more venomous; but draw their teeth, and they are harmless reptiles; the conjurors in Persia play a thousand fancies and fagaries with 'em.

Bridge. But I'm no Persian, doctor.

Mrs. Bridge. No, nor conjuror neither; you would not else have been the dupe thus of a paltry girl.

Dr. Druid. A girl, indeed! why all the European world are made the dupes of girls: the Asiatics are more wise; saving your presence now, I've seen a Turkish Pacha or a Tartar Chan rule threescore, ay, three hundred wives, with infinite more ease and quiet, than you can manage one.

Mrs. Bridge. Manage your butterflies, your bats and beetles, and leave the government of wives to those who have 'em; we stand on British ground as well as our husbands; Magna Charta is big enough for us both; our bill of divorce is a full match for their bill of rights at any time; we have our Commons, doctor, as well as the men; and I believe our privileges are as well managed here at St. Paul's, as theirs are yonder at St. Stephen's.

Dr. Druid. Your privileges, Mrs. Pridgemore, are not to be disputed by any in this company; and, if miss is as well instructed in hers, I wish my Lord Abberville joy of his release; that's all. [Exit.

Enter LUCINDA.

Luc. What did the fellow say? Who sent that old mummy hither.

Bridge. He came upon a qualifying message from Lord Abberville, as I believe ; but 'tis such an extravagant old blade, he got amongst the pyramids of Egypt before he could well bring it out.

Mrs. Bridge. I would he was there, and his pupil with him ; don't you see what a condition our poor girl is thrown into ?

Luc. I into a condition ! No ; they shall never have to say they threw me into a condition. I may be angry, but I scorn to own I'm disappointed.

Bridge. That's right, child ; sure there are more men in the world than Lord Abberville.

Luc. La, papa ! your ideas are so gross, as if I cared for any of the sex, if he hadn't singled her out from all women kind ; but it is ever thus ; she's born to be my evil genius ; sure the men are mad—Tyrrel, Lord Abberville—one touched my heart, the other wounds my pride.

Bridge. Why, ay ; there is a fine estate, a noble title, great connections, powerful interest.

Luc. Revenge is worth them all ; drive her but out of doors, and marry me to a convent.

Bridge. But let us keep some shew of justice ; this may be all a frolic of Lord Abberville's ; the girl, perhaps, is innocent.

Luc. How can that be, when I am miserable ?

Mrs. Bridge. Come, she's been suffered in your house too long ; had I been mistress, she should have quitted it last night upon the instant : would she had never entered it.

Bridge. There you make a bad wish, Mrs. Bridge-more; she has proved the best feather in my wing; but call her down; go, daughter, call her down.

Luc. I'll send her to you; nothing shall prevail with me to speak to her, or look upon the odious creature any more. *[Exit.*

Mrs. Bridge. What is it you are always hinting at about this girl? She's the best feather in your wing! Explain yourself.

Bridge. I can't; you must excuse me; 'tis better you should never know it.

Mrs. Bridge. Why, where's the fear; what can you have to dread from a destitute girl, without father, and without friends?

Bridge. But is she really without a father? Was I once well assured of that——But hush! my daughter's here——Well, where's Miss Aubrey?

Enter LUCINDA, followed by a Maid Servant.

Luc. The bird is flown.

Bridge. Hey-day, gone off!

Mrs. Bridge. That's flat conviction.

Bridge. What have you there: A letter?

Luc. She found it on her table.

Bridge. Read it, Lucy.

Luc. I beg to be excused, sir; I don't choose to touch her nasty scrawl.

Bridge. Well then, let's see; I'll read it myself.
[Reads.] 'Sir, Since neither Lord Abberville's testimony, nor my solemn protestations can prevail

‘ with you to believe me innocent, I prevent Miss
 ‘ Bridgemore’s threatened dismissal, by withdrawing
 ‘ myself for ever from your family.—How the world
 ‘ will receive a destitute defenceless orphan, I am now
 ‘ to prove : I enter on my trial without any armour
 ‘ but my innocence ; which, though insufficient to se-
 ‘ cure to me the continuance of your confidence, will,
 ‘ by the favour of Providence, serve, I hope, to sup-
 ‘ port me under the loss of it.

‘ AUGUSTA AUBREY.’

So, she’s elop’d.—

Mrs. Bridge. Ay, this is lucky ; there’s an end of
 her : this makes it her own act and deed ;—give me
 the letter.—Go, you need not wait. [*To the maid.*

Maid. Madam !

Luc. Don’t you hear ? Leave the room.

Maid. Pray, don’t be angry ; I beg to speak a word
 to you.

Luc. Go, go ;—another time ;—I’m busy.

Maid. I’ve done a wicked thing ; and if I don’t
 discharge my heart, ’twill break, it is so full.

Mrs. Bridge. What have you done ? Speak out.

Maid. Why, I have been the means of ruining an
 innocent person ; for such Miss Aubrey is.

Bridge. How so ? Go on.

Maid. ’Twas I that brought Lord Abberville last
 night into her chamber, unknown to her : I thought
 it was a little frolic to surprise her ; but when I heard
 her scream, I was alarmed, and ran and listened at
 the door.

Luc. Well, and what then?

Maid. Why, then I heard her chide him, and desire him to be gone;—yes, and but just before you came up stairs, I heard the poor young lady reproach him bitterly for his baseness in making love to her, when he was engaged to you, madam:—indeed she is as innocent as the babe unborn.

Luc. Go your way for a simpleton, and say no more about the matter.

Maid. To be sure I was a simpleton to do as I did; but I should never survive it, if any mischief was to follow. [Exit.

Bridge. What's to be done now?

Mrs. Bridge. What's to be done? why let her take her course; guilty or not, what matters it, if every man who offers for your daughter, is to turn aside and follow after her?

Luc. True, where's the woman who can pardon that? indeed had she been really criminal, I could have endured her better; for then I had had one qualification which she had wanted;—now she piques me every way.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Lord Abberville, madam, desires to be admitted to say a word to you.

Luc. Who? Lord Abberville?

Mrs. Bridge. Oh, by all means admit, him.—Now, Lucy, shew yourself a woman of spirit: receive him; meet his insulting visit with becoming contempt.—

Come, Mr. Bridgemore, let us leave them to themselves. — [Exeunt Mr. and Mrs. Bridge.

Luc. Ahem! now, pride support me!

Enter Lord ABBERVILLE.

Lord Abb. Miss Bridgemore, your most obedient; — I come, madam, on a penitential errand, to apologize to you and Miss Aubrey for the ridiculous situation in which I was surprised last night.

Luc. Cool, easy villain! [Aside.

Lord Abb. I dare say you laughed most heartily after I was gone.

Luc. Most incontinently-incomparable assurance! [Aside.

Lord Abb. Well, I forgive you; 'twas ridiculous enough; a foolish frolick, but absolutely harmless, be assured; I'm glad to find you no longer serious about it. — But where's Miss Aubrey, pray?

Luc. You'll find her probably at you own door; — she's gone from hence.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mr. Tyrrel, madam.

Luc. Shew him in, pray. — My lord, you've no objection.

Lord Abb. None in life; I know him intimately; but, if you please, I'll take my leave; you may have business. — Curse on it, he is the lady's lover.

[Aside.

Luc. Nay, I insist upon your staying. — Now, malice, stand my friend! [*Aside.*] — Good morning to you, sir, you're welcome to town.

Enter TYRREL.

Tyr. I thank you. — I am wrong, I believe; your servant should not have shewn me in here; 'tis with Miss Aubrey I request to speak

Luc. Lord Abberville, you can direct Mr. Tyrrel to Miss Aubrey:—she has left this family, sir.

Tyr. Madam—my lord—I beg to know—I don't understand——

Lord Abb. Nor I, upon my soul:—was ever any thing so malicious? [*Aside.*]

Luc. My lord, why don't you speak; Mr. Tyrrel may have particular business with Miss Aubrey.

Lord Abb. Why do you refer to me? How should I know any thing of Miss Aubrey?

Luc. Nay, I ask pardon; perhaps Mr. Tyrrel's was a mere visit of compliment.

Tyr. Excuse me, madam; I confess it was an errand of the most serious sort.

Luc. Then it's cruel not to tell him where you've plac'd her.

Tyr. Plac'd her!

Lord Abb. Ay, plac'd her indeed!—For Heaven's sake, what are you about?

Luc. Nay, I have done, my lord; but after last night's fatal discovery, I conceived you would no

longer affect any privacy as to your situation with Miss Aubrey.

Tyr. What did you discover last night, madam, tell me? I have an interest in the question.

Luc. I'm sorry for it, for then you'll not be pleased to hear that she admits Lord Abberville by night into her bed-room, locks him up in it, and on detection the next morning, openly avows her guilt, by eloping to her gallant.

Tyr. What do I hear?—My lord, my lord, if this is true——

Lord Abb. What then?—What if it is?—Must I account to you?—Who makes you my inquisitor?

Tyr. Justice, humanity, and that controul which virtue gives me over its opposers.—if more you would, with anguish, I confess my heart unhappily was placed on her whom you have ruin'd:—now you'll not dispute my right.

Lord Abb. This is no place to urge your right? I shall be found at home.

Tyr. I'll wait upon you there. [Exit.]

Lord Abb. Do so—your servant.—Miss Bridgmore, I am infinitely your debtor for this agreeable visit;—I leave you to the enjoyment of your many amiable virtues, and the pleasing contemplation of what may probably ensue from the interview you have provided for me with Mr. Tyrrel. [Exit.]

Luc. Ha, ha, ha!—I must be less or more than woman, if I did not relish this retaliation. [Exit.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Street, with a distant View of a Square. Enter COLIN.

Colin.

AH, Colin! thou'rt a prodigal; a thriftless loon thou'st been, that cou'dna' keep a little pelf to thysall when thou had'st got it: now thou may'st gang in this poor geer till thy life's end—and worse too, for aught I can tell.—'Faith, mon, 'twas a smearn little bysack of money thou had'st scrap'd together, and the best part of it had na' been laft amongst thy kinsfolk in the isles of Skey and Mull;—muckle gude may it do the weans of them that ha' it!—There was Jamie Mac Gregor, and Sawney Mac Nab, and the twa braw lads of Kinruddin, with old Charley Mac Dougall, my mother's first husband's second cousin:—by my saul I cou'd na' see such near relations, and gentlemen of sic auncient families, gang upon bare feet, while I rode a horseback:—I had been na' true Scot, an I cou'd na' ge'en a countryman a gude laft upon occasion. [Going.]

Enter Miss AUGUSTA AUBREY.

Aug. That house is Mr. Mortimer's; and yet I cann't resolve to go to it:—to appeal to Tyrrel is a dangerous step; it plunges him again in my unprosperous concerns, and puts his life a second time in

danger:—still, still I know not how to let him think me guilty:—wretched, unfriended creature that I am, what shall I do? [*As she is going out, Colin advances.*]

Colin. Haud a bit, lassie, you that are bewailing; what's your malady?

Aug. Sir! Did you speak to me?

Colin. Troth did I; I were loth to let affliction pass beside me, and not ask it what it ail'd.

Aug. Do you know me then?

Colin. What need have I to know you? An you can put me in a way to help you, isn't that enough?

Aug. I thank you: if I have your pity, that is all my case admits of.

Colin. Wha can tell that? I may be better than I seem:—as sorry a figure as I cut, I have as gude blude in my veins, and as free of it too, as any Briton in the land;—troth, an you be of my country, madam, you may have heard as much.

Aug. I do not question it;—but I am not of Scotland.

Colin. Well, well, an' if you had, the de'il a bit the worse shou'd I ha' lik'd you for it; but it was not your lot;—we did na' make oursalls;—Paradise itsal wou'd na' hald all mankind, nor Scotland neither:—and let me tell you, there's no braver or more auncient people underneath Heaven's canopy; no, nor a nation of the terrestrial globe wha have more love and charity for one another.

Aug. Well, sir, you seem to wish to do me service: I've a letter here, I cannot well deliver it myself; if

you are of this neighbourhood, perhaps you know the house of Mr. Mortimer.

Colin. Hoot, hoot! I ken him weel; I came fra' thence but now.

Aug. Will you take charge of this, and give it as directed? the gentleman will be found at Mr. Mortimer's.

Colin. To Francis Tyrrel, esquire—— Ah! an 'tis thereabouts you point, gadzooks, your labour's lost; you may ev'n wear the willow as they say, for by my troth he'll play the loon wi' you.

Aug. Is that his character?

Colin. No; but he canna' well be true to twa at the same time.

Aug. His heart's engaged it seems: what is the lady's name?

Colin. Woe worth her name! I canna' recollect it now; an it had been a Scottish name, I should na' let it slip so; but I've no mighty memory for your English callings; they do na' dwell upon my tongue: out on't! 'tis with a grete fat lubber yonder in the city that she dwells; a fellow with a paunch below his gullet, like the poke of a pelican; and now I call to mind, 'tis Aubrey is her name; ay, ay, 'tis Aubrey; she's the happy woman.

Aug. Is she the happy woman? Well, sir, if you'll deliver that letter into Mr. Tyrrel's hands; there is no treason in it against Miss Aubrey; she herself is privy to the contents.

Colin. You need na' doubt but I shall honde it to

him; I were a sorry cheeld an I could grudge you that; where shall I bring his answer?

Aug. It requires none.

Colin. But an he craves to know your house, where mun I say you dwell?

Aug. I have no house, no home, no father, friend, or refuge, in this world; nor do I at this moment, fainting as I am with affliction and fatigue, know where to find a hospitable door.

Colin. Come with me then, and I will shew you one; ah! woe is me, we hanna' all cold hearts, that occupy cold climates: I were a graceless loon indeed, when Providence ha' done so much for me, an' I could not pay bock a little to a fellow creature.

Aug. Who you may be I know not; but that sentiment persuades me I may trust you: know, in this wretched person you behold her whom you think the envied, the beloved Miss Aubrey.

Colin. Miss Aubrey! you Miss Aubrey! His presence be about us! and has that grete fat fellow in the city turned his bock upon you? Out on him, ugly hound, his stomach be his grave! I could find in my heart to stick my dirk into his weam.

Aug. Have patience; 'tis not he; Lord Abberville's the source of my misfortunes.

Colin. Ah, woe the while the more's his shame, I'd rather hear that he was dead.

Aug. Do not mistake affliction for disgrace; I'm innocent.

Colin. I see it in your face: would I could say as much of him.

Aug. You know him then.

Colin. Ay, and his father afore him: Colin Macleod's my name.

Aug. Colin Macleod!

Colin. What do you start at? Troth, there's no shame upon't; 'tis not a bit the worse for my wear; honesty was aw my patrimony, and, by my sol I hanna' spent it: I serve Lord Abberville, but not his vices.

Aug. I readily believe you; and to convince you of it, put me, I beseech you, in some present shelter, till the labour of my hands can keep me, and hold me up but for a breathing space, till I can rally my exhausted spirits, and learn to struggle with the world.

Colin. Ay, will I by my sol, so Heaven gives life? and woe betide the child that does you wrong! I be na smuth'ly spoken, but you shall find me true.—And look, the first door that I cast my ey'n upon, I ken the name of Macintosh: troth, 'tis a gudely omen, and prognostic; the Macintoshes and Macleods are aw of the same blood fra' long antiquity: had we search'd aw the town we could na' find a better. [*Knocks at the door.*] Odzooks, fear nothing, damsel, an she be a true Macintosh, you need na' doubt a welcome.

Enter Mrs. MACINTOSH.

Gude day to you, madam, is your name Macintosh, pray you?

Mrs. Mac. It is; what are your commands?

Colin. Nay, hau'd a bit, gude child, we command nought; but being, d'ye see, a Scottish kinsman of

yours, Colin Macleod by name, I crave lodgment in your house for this poor lassie.—Gude troth you need na' squant at her so closely; there's nought to be suspected; and though she may na' boast so long a pedigree as you and I do, yet for an English family, she's of no despicable house; and as for reputation, gude faith the lamb is not more innocent: respecting mine own sall I will na' vaunt, but an' you've any doubt, you need na' gange a mighty length to satisfy 'em; I'm no impostor.

Mrs. Mac. I see enough to satisfy me: she is a perfect beauty:—pray, young lady, walk in; pray walk up stairs, you are heartily welcome; lack-a-day you seem piteously fatigued.

Aug. Indeed I want repose.

Colin. Rest you awhile; I'll deliver your letter and call on you anon.

Aug. I thank you.

[*Enters the house.*]

Mrs. Mac. Heavens, what a lovely girl!

Colin. Haud you bit, you've done this kindly, cousin Macintosh, but we're na' come a bagging, d'ye see; here, take this money in your hond, and let her want for nought.

Mrs. Mac. You may depend upon my care.

Colin. Ay, ay, I ken'd you for a Macintosh at once; I am na' apt to be mistaken in any of your clan; and 'tis a comely presence that you have; troth 'tis the case with aw of you; the Macintoshes are a very personable people. [Exit.

Mrs. Mac. Another of my Scottish cousins—Oh, this

new name of mine is a most thriving invention; a rare device to hook in customers; when I was plain Nan Rawlins of St. Martin's parish, scarce a yard of ferret could I sell to club a prentice's hair on a Sunday morning; now there's not a knight of the Thistle that does not wear my green pauduasoy across his shoulder, nor a Mac passes my shop who does not buy snuff and black ribband of his kinswoman; of such consequence is it to have a good name in this world [*Ex.*]

SCENE II.

A Room in Lord ABBERVILLE's House. Enter Lord ABBERVILLE, followed by several Servants.

Lord Abb. You are a most unreasonable set of gentry truly; I have but one Scotchman in my family, and you are every one of you, cook, valet, butler, up in arms to drive him out of it.

La Jeu. And with reason, my lord; Monsieur Colin is a grand financier; but he has a little of what we call la maladie du pays; he is too œconomique; it is not for the credit of mi Lord Anglois to be too œconomique.

Lord Abb. I think, La Jeunesse, I have been at some pains to put that out of dispute; but get you gone all together, and send the fellow to me; I begin to be as tired of him as you are.—[*Exeunt servants.*]
—His honesty is my reproach; these rascals flatter while they rob me: it angers me that one, who has

no stake, no interest in my fortune, should husband it more frugally than I who am the owner and the sufferer: in short, he is the glass in which I see myself, and the reflection tortures me; my vices have deformed me; gaming has made a monster of me.

Re-enter LA JEUNESSE.

Lord Abb. Well, is the savage coming?

La Jeu. He is only turning his cravet, my lord, and will be here immediately.

Lord Abb. Leave me. *[Exit La Jeu.]*

Enter COLIN.

Come hither, Colin; what is this I hear of you?

Colin. Saving your presence I should guess a pratty many lies; 'twill mostly be the case when companions in office give characters one of another.

Lord Abb. But what is he whom nobody speaks well of? You are given up on all hands.

Colin. And so must truth itsall, when the de'il turns historian.

Lord abb. You've been applauded for your bluntness; 'tis no recommendation to me, Macleod; and shall I part from all my family to accommodate your spleen; from the stable boy to my own valet, there's not a domestic in this house gives you a good word.

Colin. Nor never will, till I prefer their interest to yours; hungry curs will bark; but an' your lordship would have us regale our friends below stairs, while you are feasting yours above, gadzooks. I have a

pratty many countrymen in town, with better appetites than purses, who will applaud the regulation.

Lord Abb. 'Tis for such purses and such appetites you would be a fit provider; 'tis for the latitude of the Highlands, not for the meridan of London, your narrow scale of œconomy is laid down.

Colin. Oeconomy is no disgrace; 'tis better living on a little, than outliving a great deal.

Lord Abb. Well, sir, you may be honest, but you are troublesome; my family are one and all in arms against you; and you must know, Colin Macleod, I've great objection to a rebellion either in a family or state, whatever you and your countrymen may think of the matter.

Colin. My lord, my lord; when you have shad the blude of the offenders, it is na' generous to revive the offence: as for mine awn particular, Heaven be my judge, the realms of England does na' haud a heart more loyal than the one I strike my honde upon.

Enter Dr. DRUID.

Lord Abb. So, doctor, what's the news with you?—Well, Colin, let me hear no more of these complaints; don't be so considerate of me—and hark'e, if you was not quite so parsimonious to yourself, your appearance would be all the better.

Colin. Troth, I'd be better habited, but I canna' afford it.

Lord Abb. Afford it, sirrah? Don't I know you have money enough, if you had but spirit to make use of it.

Colin. True ; but I fain would keep a little together, d'ye see, lest you should not. [*Exit.*]

Dr. Druid. Plessing upon us, how the man prates and prattles! 'Twas but this morning he was differing and disputing, truly, about pedigrees and antiquities, though I can count forty and four generations from the grandmother of Saint Winifred, as regularly as a monk can tell his beads.

Lord Abb. Leave your generations to the worms, doctor, and tell me if you carried my message to Bridgemore—But why do I ask that? When I myself am come from putting the finishing hand to that treaty : and really, if young women will keep companions who are handsomer than themselves, they musn't wonder if their lovers go astray.

Dr. Druid. Ah, my Lord Apperville, my Lord Apperville, you've something there to answer for.

Lord Abb. Preach not, good sixty-five, thy cold continence to twenty-three ; the stars are in my debt one lucky throw at least ; let them bestow Miss Aubrey, and I'll cancel all that's past. [*A Servant delivers a letter.*] What have we here?—From Tyrrel I suppose—No, 'tis from a more peaceable quarter ; my commodious Mrs. Macintosh. [*Reads.*]—‘Chance
‘ has thrown in my way a girl, that quite eclipses
‘ your Miss Somers : come to me without loss of
‘ time, lest the bird should be on the wing.’—What shall I do ? I have but little stomach to the business. Aubrey is my goddess, and 'tis downright heresy to follow any other.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, a person without says he comes with a recommendation from Sir Harry Gamble.

Lord Abb. What sort of a person?

Serv. A little ugly fellow: I believe he's a Jew.

Lord Abb. That's right, I had forgot: my Jew is fairly jaded; Sir Harry's probably is better trained; so let me see him: who is in the anti-chamber?

Serv. There are several persons waiting to speak with your lordship; they have called a great many times.

Lord Abb. Ay, ay, they come for money; he alone comes with it; therefore conduct that little ugly fellow as you call him to my closet, and bid those other people call again. [*Exit Serv.*] Doctor if any of my particulars are importunate to see me, don't let them interrupt me here; tell them I'm gone to Mrs. Macintosh's; they'll know the place, and my business in it. [*Exit.*]

Dr. Druid. They may guess that without the gift of divination truly: ah! this passion is the prejudice of education! He may thank France and Italy for this: I would have carried him through Ingria, Esthonia, and Livonia; through Moldavia, Bessarabia, Bulgaria, Thrace; from the Gulf of Finland to the Streights of the Dardanelles. 'Tis a chance if he had seen a human creature in the whole course of his travels.

Enter TYRREL

Tyr. Doctor, forgive me this intrusion; where is

Lord Abberville? His servants deny him to me, and I have business with him of a pressing sort.

Dr. Druid. Business indeed!

Tyr. Yes, business, sir: I beg you to inform me where to find him.

Dr. Druid. I take it, Mr. Tyrrel, you are one of his particulars, therefore I tell you, he is gone to Mrs. Macintosh's; a commodious sort of a pody, who follows one trade in her shop, and another in her parlour.

Tyr. Yes, yes, I know her well, and know his business there.

Dr. Druid. Pleasure is all his business: I take for granted he finds some gratification in his visits there.

Tyr. Yes, the gratification of a devil; the pleasure of defacing beauty and dispoiling innocence, of planting everlasting misery in the human heart for one licentious transitory joy: 'tis there he holds his riots; thither he is gone to repeat his triumphs over my unhappy Aubrey, and confirm her in her shame.

Dr. Druid. Ay, I suppose Miss Aubrey is the reigning passion now.

Tyr. Curs'd be his passions, wither'd be his powers! Oh, sir, she was an angel once: such was the grateful modesty of her deportment, it seems as if the chastity, which now so many of her sex throw from them, centered all with her.

Dr. Druid. I've told too much; this lad's as mad as he—Well, Mr. Tyrrel, I can say but little in the case; women and politics I never deal in; in other words, I abhor cuckoldom, and have no passion for the pillory.

[Exit.

Enter COLIN.

Colin. Gang your gait for an old smoak-dried piece of goat's flesh. [*Shuts the door.*—Now we're alone, young gentleman, there's something for your private reading. [*Delivers a letter.*

Tyr. What do I see? Miss Aubrey's hand! Why does she write to me?—Distraction! how this racks my heart!

Colin. Ay, and mine too—Ecod, it gave it sic a pull, I canna' for the saul of me, get it bock into its place again:—gude truth, you'll find it but a melancholy tale.

Tyr. [*Reads.*] 'I am the martyr of an accident, which never will find credit; under this stroke, I cann't conceal a wish that Mr. Tyrrel would not give me up; but as his single opposition to the world's reproach might be as dangerous to him, as it must be ineffectual to me, I earnestly advise him to forget the unfortunate AUGUSTA.'

—What am I to conclude? The paper looks like innocence; the words are soft as modesty could utter.—'The martyr of an accident!'—She calls it accident; why, that's no crime.—Alas! it might be accident which threw temptation in her way, but voluntary guilt which yielded to the tempter;—of him she makes no mention.—Pray, sir, inform me; you have seen this lady——

Colin. I have.

Tyr. Discours'd with her——

Colin. I have.

Tyr. In that discourse, do you recollect if she named Lord Abberville?

Colin. I recollect she said he was the source of her misfortunes.

Tyr. Ay, did she say so much? That's guilty beyond doubt.

Colin. You're right; it carries a damn'd guilty look; I wou'd na' take his fortune to father his faults.

Tyr. Why you then give him up. Oh, 'tis too palpable!—But, pray, did she herself give you this letter for me?

Colin. With her own honds; gude faith, the heart within you wou'd ha' maled to have seen the manner of it.

Tyr. That aggravates my torture!—Where was it you left her? In what wretched habitation?

Colin. Hoot! no disparagement upon her habitation; there's nought of wretchedness about it: odzooks! she's with a lady of as gude a family!—But you mun be as close as wax, d'ye see; ye munna mang the secret to my laird.

Tyr. Well, well;—the place——

Colin. Nay, 'tis hard by; a cousin's of mine own; a comely courteous woman as you'd wish to commune with;—one Mrs. Macintosh.——

Tyr. 'Sdeath, that confirms it!—There, sir, bring me no more letters: whether you're dupe or pandar in this business, I desire never to be troubled more.

[*Exit.*

Colin. Hoot! what the fiend possesses you?—What

time o' the moon is this? The lad's an errant bed-lamite.—There's mischief in the wind, and this same laird of mine is at the bottom of it: gadzooks, there goes Maister Mortimer; I'll tell him aw the case, and take his counsel on the whole. [Exit.]

SCENE V.

Changes to Mrs. MACINTOSH's House. Enter Mrs. MACINTOSH and TYRREL.

Mrs. Mac. Well, Mr. Tyrrel, if you must and will be heard, you must; but pray be short,—my time is precious.

Tyr. So is my peace of mind:—You've got a lady in your house has taken that from me I never shall recover.

Mrs. Mac. What is't you mean? What lady have I in my house?

Tyr. Miss Aubrey.

Mrs. Mac. Miss Aubrey! You mistake; I never heard the name.

Tyr. Come, you and I have long been friends: answer me truly,—does not Lord Abberville visit a lady here?

Mrs. Mac. Well, if he does, what then?

Tyr. Why, then, that lady has undone me; she has broke my heart.

Mrs. Mac. Yes: but her name's not Aubrey; my lord calls her Somers.

Tyr. Let my lord call her what he will, coin what new name he pleases to elude my search, still I must see her.

Mrs. Mac. Why, you're mad sure to think of such a thing; I thought you knew me better: violate a trust!—No, no, young man, that's not my principle; you see no lady here. Why, sure, I've not maintained an honourable character in the world till now, to make away with it at last.

Tyr. If you suspect me, stay and be present at our conference.

Mrs. Mac. Yes, and so have my lord come in and catch us, and a tilting-bout ensue betwixt you;—no, Mr. Tyrrel, mine's a sober well-conducted family: I'll have no coroner's inquest come within my doors.——Hush! as I live, here comes my lord, dear Tyrrel, be advised—come along with me, and betake yourself out of his way.

Tyr. No;—I'll not seek a quarrel with Lord Abberville, but I cannot fly from him:—go, go, and leave us to each other. [Exit Mrs. Mac.]

Enter Lord ABBERVILLE.

Lord Abb. Tyrrel!—What brings you here? This is no place of meeting; if you've any explanation to require upon Miss Aubrey's account, come to my house;—I answer nothing here.

Tyr. My lord, when I'm assured Miss Aubrey is in this house, and see you her visitor, I can interpret for myself.

Lord Abb. Miss Aubrey in this house! You rave.

Tyr. Come, 'tis in vain; your Scotchman told me so; your Mrs. Macintosh herself confessed it.

Lord. Abb. Humph! after all, 'twould be a lucky hit, should this be true:—it may be so. [*Aside.*

Tyr. If you require more witnesses to what I say, here comes an indisputable one, Miss Aubrey herself.

Enter Miss AUGUSTA AUBREY.

Aug. Oh, Mr. Tyrrel, this is generous indeed! —Lord Abberville here too!—'tis what I dreaded. You have mischief in your minds; but, I beseech you, leave me to my misfortunes, nor cast away a thought upon a wretch like me.

Tyr. Give me your answer first to these demands: Have you been wrong'd? Have you an accusation to prefer against this lord? or do you acquit him, and submit with patience to your situation?

Aug. I accuse no one; I submit with patience; I am content to be the only sufferer in this business, and earnestly intreat you to desist from any altercation with Lord Abberville on my account.

Tyr. I'm satisfied; and shall religiously obey you. —Lord Abberville, I ask your pardon for this interruption; I never shall repeat it more.

Aug. But are you going?

Tyr. For ever.—Dangerous to behold you are; therefore, before my fond, my foolish heart relapses into love, I'll seize the resolution of the moment, and bid farewell to you for ever.

Aug. Astonishing!

Lord Abb. There, madam, you perceive the love, the honour of that gentleman.

Aug. Could I have thought this of him?—Now I'm truly wretched.

Lord Abb. No, madam, if my purse, my person, my assiduous ardent love, can fill the vacancy his falsehood makes, you've had no loss; dry up your tears, you've yet a friend; smile only on my wishes.

Aug. No, my lord, no;—you've made me wretched, guilty you shall never make me.

Lord Abb. Innexorable girl, will nothing move? Then I've no longer any terms to keep: call to mind where you are; in a house where I am master; surrounded by creatures whom I command; your champion gives you up; resistance is in vain;—if you refuse my favours, madam, you shall feel my force.

[Struggles with her.]

Aug. What is't you mean, my lord?—Stand off.

Enter MORTIMER.

Mort. Ay, what is it you mean, my lord?

Lord Abb. Mortimer! 'Sdeath, what evil genius conducted you hither?

Mort. [Goes to the door.] Nay, my good friend, come in.

Enter COLIN.

This honest man was my conductor: while you, Lord Abberville, in a distinguished rank, are openly assaulting innocence, he, in his humble post, is

secretly supporting it.—If you come under that description, madam, I am your defender; if not, I have no further business here.

Aug. Why should I urge my innocence? I am unfortunate, I'm poor; your nephew, sir, will tell you that is cause sufficient for abandoning me.

L. Abb. This grows too serious; I scorn to steal that from you half my fortune could not purchase. I believe you are as innocent as Heaven first formed you; and to convince the world in what esteem I hold your virtues, here, before Mortimer, I offer you my hand, and lay my title, rank, and fortune, at your feet.

Aug. No, there may be a legal prostitute as well as a licentious one; had you a world to give, after your base experiment, you cannot offer any thing that I shall take. You may find others less exceptious; but in a noble family, though stripped of fortune, there will still be pride.

L. Abb. I see my fate; I see a prepossession in your heart too strong for me to shake: I plainly perceive that Mr. Tyrrel can offend with more impunity than I can; however, Mortimer, you are a man of honour: I resign Miss Aubrey into your hands for the present, and shall expect you will avail yourself of no unfair advantages over me.—Macleod, I find Miss Aubrey is to thank you for this seasonable visit of Mr. Mortimer's. [Exit.

Mort. Come, madam, you are now my ward; Bridgemore must struggle hard to get you back again.

Aug. Sir!—Mr. Mortimer! You'll pardon me, but must I think you serious? If what you now propose is meant in kindness to me, I must say the world has not done justice to your character: I have been taught to look upon you as no friend to our sex in particular.

Mort. Nor am I; your sex have broke treaty with us, passed the bounds betwixt us, forced into our very taverns, and from being once the glory of my country are become its shame.

Aug. But all have not done this—

Mort. Nor am I then at enmity with all: a virtuous individual is of no sex, no country.

Colin. No country? Hoot! A true North Briton will give up his virtue afore his country at any time.

Aug. Yes, and I think it was a partiality to your country rather than to virtue, which determined you to put me into this house.

Colin. De'il take me now, and all my kindred with me, if I knew aught about the house, more than the name of Macintosh upon the door.

Mort. Time will clear all things up: a general misconception is gone forth; my nephew I perceive has fallen under it. As for poor Colin, his design in bringing you hither was more than innocent, depend upon it, it was noble; I have heard his story, and at my request he brings me here; commit yourself therefore to my protection, and rely upon my justice.

Aug. How shall I answer you? Your generosity o'erwhelms me.

Mort. I generous! No, I am a meer voluptuary; I study luxury by principle, and am as sensual on the side of virtue, as Abberville, or any other fashionable rake, on that of vice. Colin, you'll settle matters with your countrywoman and come to us at my house. [*Exeunt.*

Colin. My countrywoman! The fiend a bit! I never will believe she has a drop of Scottish blude in aw her composition; as I shall answer I never blushed before for any of the name: there must be something spurious in her genealogy: I'll have a little serious talk with her on that; I've got the pedigree of the Macintoshes at my fingers ends, and if there's e'er a flaw in her descent 'twixt this and Noah, gad-zooks, I'll wager a hundred pounds I prove her an impostor. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Fish-Street-Hill. AUBREY alone.

Aubrey.

IF Bridgemore hasn't shifted his abode, that is the house; 'twas there that eighteen years ago I lost a wife, and left an infant daughter. All-disposing Providence, who hast ordained me to this hour, and through innumerable toils and dangers led me back to this affecting spot, can it be wondered at, if I ap-

proach it with an anxious aching heart, uncertain as I am if I have still a child or not? What shall I do? If my Augusta's lost, 'twere better I should never enter those ill-omen'd doors; if she survives, how shall I disclose myself, and tell her she has still a father? Oh, that unknown and unperceived, I could but catch a sight of her, gaze till I'd gratified my longing, and till this throbbing might abate! I'll watch the door till somebody comes out, that I may speak to. *[Steps aside.]*

Enter COLIN MACLEOD.

Colin. The murrain light upon this Fish-Street-Hill, wherever it may be: I wou'd it had na' got its name for nought, that I might fairly smalt it out, for I am clear bewalder'd. Johnny Groat's house wou'd as soon be found as this same Bradgemore's. One cries, turn o' this honde, one o' that, and t'other stares and grins forsooth because I hanna got the modern gabble on my tongue, but speak the language in its auncient purity. Hoot! this mon seems of a batter sort, and peradventure wou'd concede an answer. Speed you, gentleman, I pray you which way leads to Fish-Street-Hill?

Aub. You are there already; this is Fish-Street-Hill.

Colin. Gadzooks! and that's the reason I could find it na' where else. Ken you one Bradgemore's, may I ask?

Aub. He had us'd to live in yonder house with the great gates; but it is many years since I have been in England.

Colin. I'faith, you need na' tell me that; I apprehend as much from your civility.

Aub. Give me leave now in my turn to ask you a few questions.

Colin. With aw my heart; you have gude right; you may interrogate me freely.

Aub. You are acquainted with this Bridgemore——

Colin. I am

Aub. And with his family——

Colin. I am.

Aub. And what does it consist of?

Colin. Troth, of a spouse and daughter.

Aub. Are they all?

Colin. Ay, and enough in aw gude reason; the de'il, sir, in his vengeance need na' add a third.

Aub. But to be serious; tell me, I beseech you, do you know of no one else in Mr. Bridgemore's family.

Colin. Of none.

Aub. What do I hear? Pray recollect yourself: you don't seem to know his house; perhaps you are not well acquainted with his family.

Colin. Aw that he owns I know; what base begotten brats he may haue sculking up and down in holes and corners, troth, I can't pretend to say.— These city cattle sometimes will break pasture.

Aub. You misconceive me, honest friend: has no

young lady of the name of Aubrey come within your knowledge?

Colin. Ay, ay, poor lassie, she once liv'd with Bradgemore; the worse luck her's, but that is over, she has got her liberty; she's now releas'd.

Aub. I understand you——she is dead.

Colin. Dead! Heaven forefend! An you would give me time, I wou'd ha' told you she's released from yon fat fellow's tyranny; na more: out on him, filthy porpoise, aw the bowels in his belly, tho' he has got gude store, danna contain one grain of pity: troth, with his gude will she might ha' starv'd and perish'd in the streets.

Aub. What is't you tell me? In the same breath you bring my hopes to life and murder them again—Starv'd in the streets? I thought she had an affluent fortune.

Colin. In virtue, sir, nought else, and that will not pass current for a dinner. Zooks, and I mysall, by Heaven's gude providence, had na' stapt in upon the very nick of time, my life upon't she had been lost.

Aub. Come to my arms then, whosoe'er thou art, and wonder not, for thou hast sav'd my daughter.

Colin. Daughter! Gadzooks, you make my heart jump to my laps for joy. Are you Miss Aubrey's father?

Aub. I am her father.

Colin. An if I'd found mine awn I cou'd na' been

more happy. Wall, wall, I hope you'll merit your gude fortune; by my soul you've got an angel of a child—but where have you been buried all the while? for we believ'd you dead.

Aub. You shall hear all my story, but this is no fit place to tell it in: satisfy me first if my poor child is safe.

Colin. Fear nought, she's safe with Maister Mortimer; I laft her but this moment.

Aub. Who is Mr. Mortimer?

Colin. Why, Maister Mortimer is one who does a thousand noble acts without the credit of one; his tongue wounds and his heart makes whole; he must be known and not describ'd: an' you will bait a-while in yonder tavern till I come from Bradgemore's, I'll accompany you to where your daughter is.

Aub. Agreed! I fear I've been mistaken in this Bridgemore; three years ago I consign'd to him a cargo of great value from Scanderoon; if he has robbed me—but till I've seen my daughter, I'll suspend my enquiry. Step with me into yonder tavern, there we'll concert the means of bringing Bridgemore to an interview at Mr. Mortimer's.—Come, my good benefactor, how fortunate was this meeting! I long to know to whom I owe this happiness.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Compting-House belonging to BRIDGEMORE. Enter BRIDGEMORE and NAPTHALI.

Bridge. And so, friend Napthali, Lord Abberville has had another tumble.

Napth. A damn one.

Bridge. I'm glad on't; this will wring his fine high pamper'd carcass to the quick.

Napth. I'fait, he flings and winces so, I tremble to come near; he look as dark as India stock upon a settling day.

Bridge. Ay, ay, the dice are little weapons, but they make deep wounds: what between those that win and us that lend, he bleeds at both arms. These are the bonds.

Napth. Take 'em: this is a memorandum of the premium on five thousand, and this the private contract for extraordinary interest. [*Gives several papers.*]

Bridge. Good, good, friend Napthali! The bonds give legal interest, and this doubles it. There, there, lie by and breed. [*Puts them by.*] But hark'e-me! Hast brought the abstract of the sale of the Neptune's cargo?

Napth. Aubrey's consignment you mean.

Bridge. The same; but mum! That's between you and me: close, close, my little Napthali.

Napth. A broker and betray his principal! That's not my way; there is no senses in that. Here I have

make out your account ; 'tis var coot bargain I have make, considering diamond is a drug.

Bridge. Why this tells well ; it mounts ; the raw silk was old gold ; the carpetting and cottons not amiss ; and whuh ! the rhubarb !

Napth. Ah, sir, but vat is that ? Look at the coffee !

Bridge. Politics account for that ; while news-papers bear price, coffee will hold its own. This rupture with the Russians was in our favour here.

Napth. Ay, ay, a charming stroke : war is a var coot thing ; and then the plague ; a blessed circumstance, tank Heaven ; a blessed circumstance, coot 7 per cent.

Bridge. Let me see ; altogether 'tis a thumping sum : it netted forty thousand : where's the conscience, Napthali, that wouldn't strain a point for forty thousand pounds ?

Napth. Oh, 'tis all fair in the vay of trade ; you cou'd not strike a jury out of Jonathan's that wouldn't acquit you. Well, Mr. Bridgemore, any thing more in my vay ?

Bridge. Nothing at present. Did you call at Lloyd's ?

Napth. Odso I well recollected ! The Sea-horse is arrived from Scanderoon, she that had such high insurances upon her.

Bridge. What d'ye hear ? What passengers come in her ? Is she at Stangate-Creek ?

Napth. No, in the pool ; she brought clean bills of health from Leghorn.

Bridge. Go, go; you have given me an ague-fit; the name of Scanderoon sets all my teeth a chattering. [*Exit Naph.*—Well, would it had been possible to have kept my secret from that fellow.—The Seahorse come at last!—Why, be it so.—What ails me? what possesses me?—If she brings news of Aubrey's death, I'm a whole man; ay, and a warm one too.—How now;—who's there?

Enter COLIN.

Colin. Cawdie Macleod, a ragged Highlander, so please you, a wratched gaelly under favour of your raverence, na better.

Bridge. I recollect you now for one of my Lord Abberville's retinue,—Well, you have some enquiries to make about Miss Aubrey.

Colin. Ecod, you are close upon the mark.

Bridge. I guest as much; but she's gone from hence, and you may follow.

Colin. Out on thee, ragamuffin; an I were not bound to secrecy, I'd gee thee sic a pill shou'd lead that weam of thine the de'il a dance. [*Aside.*

Bridge. No, Master Colin, your Scotch policy will stand you in no stead this turn.

Colin. Then I'll forswear my country.—Well, you wull na' have my message then, I mun gang bock to Maister Mortimer, and tell the Turkish trader you'il na' see him.

Bridge. Hold, hold,—what trader do you speak of?

Colin. Of one that's com'd a passenger from Scan-

deroon, aboard the—what d'ye call the vessel—the Sea-horse, I take it.

Bridge. What? who?—It is not Aubrey.

Colin. Gude faith, I wou'd it was—the mon is dead.

Bridge. which man is dead:—the passenger or Aubrey?

Colin. Hoot! cann't you think 'tis Aubrey?—By your leave, Truth, awhile, you will na' take it much to heart, an I make use of falsehood to detect itsall.

[*Aside.*

Bridge. I'll go to Mr. Mortimer's; I'll go with all my heart.—Give me your hand; I ask your pardon heartily, my honest friend.—And so he is dead, you say—you're sure he is dead—pray, what distemper did he die of?

Colin. When a mon's in his grave, what matters which distemper laid him there.

Bridge. That's true, that's true enough. Pray you sit down; I'll just run up and tell my wife and daughter—Zooks I suppose I brought them with me; will they meet a welcome, think you?

Colin. Ay, sic a one as you don't look for, take my word.

Bridge. I'm a new man; I walk upon the air. [*Exit.*

Colin. Ecod the project takes; I drew for the cock bird, and have taken the whole covey.

Enter NAPTHALI hastily.

Napth. Odds my life, Mr. Bridgemore, I forgot—Who's there?—that devil Scotchman.

Colin. Hold, hold, friend Napthali; you and I mun-na part; you must keep pace wi' me to Maister Mortimer's.

Napth. To Mr. Mortimer's? Impossible: why I must be at Bank, sir, I must be at Jonathan's: I've forty bargains to settle. I shall have half the coffee-house on my back. Would you make me a lame duck?

Colin. Duck, or no duck, ecod, sir, you must travel.

[*Exit dragging Napth. out.*]

Enter LUCINDA.

Luc. Hey-day! I never saw the like before; I cann't think what possesses my father; he's intoxicated: quite beside himself with this confirmation of Mr. Aubrey's death: for my part, I derive no particular gratification from it; so that Augusta had but one lover less, I care not if she had forty fathers living: Tyrrel's the man of her heart, and in truth he is an object worthy of any woman's preference; if I could draw him from her 'twould be full retaliation for Lord Abberville——I'll go to Mortimer's: 'tis an untoward visit; but I'll go there.

Enter BRIDGEMORE.

Bridge. Come, bustle, daughter, bustle; get your cloak on, the coach will be here immediately: but where's my Scotchman? I forgot to ask the stranger's name.

[*Exit hastily.*]

Enter Mrs. BRIDGEMORE.

Mrs. Bridge. Where have you hid yourself, my dear? Come, are you ready? Your father's frantic with impatience.

Luc. I follow you——Now, Aubrey, 'tis my turn.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Changes to MORTIMER'S Library. Enter MORTIMER and TYRREL.

Mort. Never tell me, you've acted like a giddy hot young man; put a few hear-say circumstances together, shook them in an empty noddle, and so produced a compound of nonsense and suspicion.

Tyr. I plainly see I've judged too hastily.

Mort. Judged! pooh, I would not give a rush for such a judge: a magpye in a cage, that chatters out whore to every woman that goes by, will be as often right as you, and judge as wisely: never talk to me of judging others, till you've condemned yourself.

Tyr. I do condemn myself; and if Miss Aubrey does not sign my pardon, I am disposed not only to condemn, but execute.

Mort. Away then, and throw yourself upon the mercy of the court; it is the fate of bunglers to be asking pardon.

[*Exit Tyr.*]

Enter COLIN.

Colin. Bless you, good Maister Mortimer, I hanna' slept in your commission; yon fat fellow upon Fish-Street-Hill is on his march with bag and baggage.

Mort. What mean you? Does he bring his wife with him.

Colin. Troth does he, and his daughter too; the plot is thick'ning you mun know apace, and yon same buzzard canna spy it out.

Mort. What plot is thick'ning?

Colin. Zooks, mon, you shall behold as pretty a discovery, come the time, as ever your eyes looked upon; but aw things in their course; I mun' gang home the while, but I'll be quickly bock again, d'ye see.

Mort. Do so, my friend; and hark'e, tell your lord, I beg half an hours conversation with him, when and where he pleases.

Colin. I shall do that; but you mun know, while I was on my way, I cross'd upon a gentleman of no vulgar presence, and considering he has sojourned for a pretty many years with none but such as we denominate barbarians, as courteous in his manners as your heart could wish.

Mort. Why that accounts for it. Well, what of him?

Colin. With your leave, Maister Mortimer, he'll tell you his own errand: troth, he wull'd me introduce him to you: he's without.

Mort. Admit him.

Colin. Gude faith, he has done that for himsall ; he's not habituated to our ceremonies. Maister Mortimer, I pray Heaven take you to its holy keeping till I see you again. [Exit.

Enter AUBREY.

Aub. Sir, your most humble servant. Can you forgive the intrusion of a stranger ?

Mort. A stranger, sir, is welcome ; I cannot always say as much to an acquaintance.

Aub. I plainly see your experience of mankind by the value you set upon them.

Mort. True, sir ; I've visited the world from arctic to ecliptic, as a surgeon does an hospital, and find all men sick of some distemper : the impertinent part of mankind are so busy, the busy so impertinent, and both so incurably addicted to lying, cheating and betraying, that their case is desperate : no corrosive can eat deep enough to bottom the corruption.

Aub. Well, sir, with such good store of mental provision about you, you may stand out a siege against society ; your books are companions you never can be tired of.

Mort. Why truly their company is more tolerable than that of their authors would be ; I can bear them on my shelves, though I should be sorry to see the impertinent puppies who wrote them : however, sir, I can quarrel with my books too, when they offend my virtue or my reason.—But I'm taking up your

time; the honest Scotchman, who announced you, told me you had something of importance to communicate to me.

Aub. I have: I'm told I am your debtor, and I came with a design to pay you down such thanks as your benevolence well merits; but I perceive already you are one, whom great professions would annoy, whose principle is virtue, and whose retribution rises from within.

Mort. Pray, sir, no more of this; if you have any thing to request, propose it: I'd rather much be told what I may do for you, than reminded of what I may have done.

Aub. I readily believe you, and according to your humour will address you: I own you may confer a benefit upon me? 'tis in your power, Mr. Mortimer, to make me the happiest of all mankind.

Mort. Give me your hand; why now you speak good sense; I like this well: let us do good, sir, and not talk about it: show me but how I may give happiness to you, with innocence to myself, and I shall be the person under obligation.

Aub. This then it is; you have a young person under your protection, a lady of the name of Aubrey—

Mort. I have.

Aub. Resign her to my care.

Mort. Sir!

Aub. Put her into my hands: I am rich, sir, I can support her.

Mort. You're insolent, or grossly ignorant, to think

I would betray a trust, a sacred trust : she's a ward of virtue ; 'tis from want, 'tis from oppression I protect Miss Aubrey—who are you that think to make a traitor of me ?

Aub. Your zeal does honour to you ; yet if you persist in it, and spite of my protest hold out, your constancy will be no virtue ; it must take another name.

Mort. What other name, and why ? Throw off your mystery, and tell me why ?

Aub. Because—

Mort. Ay, let us hear your cause.

Aub. Because I am her father.

Mort. Do I live ?

Aub. Yes, in my heart, while I have life or memory ; that dear injured girl, whom you so honourably protect, is my daughter. The overflowings of a father's heart bless and reward you ! You whom I know not, and that poor Highlander, out of his small pittance, have, under Providence, preserved my child ; whilst Bridgemore, whom I raised from penury, and trusted with the earnings of my travel, has abandoned and defrauded her.

Mort. O, mother Nature, thou'lt compel me to forswear thee.

Aub. Ah, sir, you feel the villany of man in every vein ; I am more practised, and behold it only with a sigh : Colin and I have laid a little plot to draw this Bridgemore hither ; he believes me dead, and thinks he is to meet a person at your house, who can relate

particulars of my death; in which case it is clear he means to sink a capital consignment I sent him about three years since, and turn my daughter on the world.

Mort. Well, let him come; next to the satisfaction I receive in the prosperity of an honest man, I am best pleased with the confusion of a rascal.

Enter TYRREL hastily.

Tyr. Dear uncle, on my knees——what am I doing?

Mort. You thought I was alone.

Tyr. I did.

Mort. And what had you to tell me in such haste?

Tyr. I had a petition to prefer, on which my happiness in life depends.

Aub. I beg I may retire: I interrupt you.

Mort. By no means: I desire you will not stir; let him make his request; if it is not fit for you to hear, it is not fit for me to grant. Speak out: nay, never hesitate.

Tyr. What can I ask of you but to confirm my hopes, and make Miss Aubrey mine.

Mort. Was ever the like heard? Pray whence do you derive your pretensions to Miss Aubrey? Tell me in presence of this gentleman.

Tyr. Not from my own deservings, I confess; yet, if an ardent, firm, disinterested passion, sanctified withall by her consent, can recommend me, I am not without some title.

Mort. Look you there now: this fellow you shall know, sir, is my nephew; my sister's son; a child of

fortune,—Hark'e, with what face do you talk of love, who are not worth a groat?

Tyr. You have allowed me, sir, to talk of love; openly beneath your eye I have solicited Miss Aubrey's consent, and gain'd it; as for my poverty, in that I glory, for therein I resemble her whom I adore; and I should hope, though fortune has not favoured us, we have not lost our title to the rights of nature.

Mort. Pooh! the rights of nature!—While you enjoy its rights, how will you both provide against its wants?

Tyr. Your bounty hitherto has let me feel no wants; and should it be your pleasure to withdraw it, thanks to Providence, the world is not so scantily provided, but it can give to honest industry a daily dinner.

Mort. Fine words! But I'll appeal to this good gentleman; let him decide betwixt us.

Aub. In truth, young gentleman, your uncle has good reason on his side; and was I he, I never would consent to your alliance with Miss Aubrey, till she brought a fortune large enough to keep you both.

Tyr. These are your maxims I've no doubt; they only prove to me, that you love money more than beauty, generosity, or honour.

Aub. But is your lady in possession of all these? Let me be made acquainted with her, and perhaps I may come over to your sentiments.

Mort. Ay, Frank, go fetch your girl, and let my friend here see her;—I'm in earnest. Upon my

honour, nephew, till you have gained this gentleman's consent, you never can have mine ;—so go your way and let us see if you have interest enough to bring her hither.

Tyr. Oh, if my fate depends upon her looks, they must be iron hearts that can withstand them ! [*Exit.*

Aub. The manly and disinterested passion of this youth, while it possesses me strongly in his favour, gives an assurance of a virtuous conduct in my child :—Indeed, sir, I am greatly taken with your nephew.

Mort. Thank Heaven, the boy as yet has never made me blush ; and, if he holds his course, he may take one half of my fortune now, and t'other at my death.—But see, sir, here your daughter comes.

Enter TYRREL, introducing Miss AUBREY.

Tyr. You are obeyed ; you see the lady, and you've nothing now to wonder at but my presumption.

Aub. To wonder at ! I do behold a wonder !—'Tis her mother's image !—Gracious Providence, this is too much !

Mort. You will alarm her ; your disorder is too visible.

Aub. I cannot speak to her ; I pray you let me hear her voice.

Aug. Why am I sent for ? Is your uncle angry ? How have I offended ?—

Aub. Hush, hush, she speaks ;—'tis she herself,—it is my long-lost wife restor'd and rais'd again.

Mort. Pooh! what had I to do to meddle with these matters?

Aug. Why does that gentleman regard me so attentively? His eyes oppress me:—Ask him if he knows me.

Tyr. Sir, if you know this lady—if you have any tidings to communicate that touch her happiness,—Oh, that I could inspire you with my feelings!

Aub. I knew your father, and am a witness to the hard necessity which tore him from an infant child, and held him eighteen tedious years in exile from his native land.

Aug. What do I hear!—You was my father's friend!—The prayer and intercession of an orphan draw Heaven's righteous benediction down upon you!

Aub. Prepare yourself—be constant. I have news to tell you of your father.

Mort. I can't stand this: I wish I was any where else.

Tyr. Courage, my dear Augusta; my life upon it, there is happiness in store for thee.

Aug. Go on, go on.

Aub. You are in an error; you are not an orphan; you have a father, whom, thro' toil and peril, thro' sickness and through sorrow, Heaven has graciously preserved, and blest at length his unremitting labours with abundance.

Tyr. Did not I tell you this?—Bear up.

Aub. Yes, virtuous Augusta, all your sufferings ter-

minate this moment ; you may now give way to love and happiness : you have a father living, who approves your passion, who will crown it with a liberal fortune, who now looks upon you, speaks to you, embraces you. *[Embraces her.]*

Mort. There, there ; I'm glad 'tis over. Joy befall you both.

Tyr. See how her colour flies——she'll faint.

Aub. What have I done?—Dear innocent, look up.

Aug. Oh, yes, to Heaven with gratitude for these divine vouchsafements.——I have a father then at last.——Pardon my tears ; I'm little us'd to happiness, and have not learn'd to bear it.

Tyr. May all your days to come be nothing else !——But look, she changes again.——Help me to lead her into the air. *[Tyr. and Aub. leads her out.]*

Mort. I believe a little air will not be much amiss for any of us.——Look at that girl ; 'tis thus mortality encounters happiness ; 'tis thus the inhabitant of earth meets that of Heaven, with tears, with faintings, with surprise :—let others call this the weakness of our nature ; to me it proves the unworthiness : for had we merits to entitle us to happiness, the means would not be wanting to enjoy it. *[Exit.]*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Hall in Lord ABBERVILLE's House. Enter Lord ABBERVILLE followed by COLIN.

Lord Abberville.

'SDEATH, sir! Am I or you the master of this house? Who made you judge what company is fit for me to keep? The gentlemen you excluded came by my special invitation and appointment.

Colin. Gentlemen!

Lord Abb. Ay, gentlemen. Were they not such?

Colin. Under favour, I took them to be sharpers: I know your lordship always loses, and I've notic'd that they always win.

Lord Abb. Impertinence!—I had debts of honour to adjust with every one of them.

Colin. Hang 'em, base vermin: pay them debts!—pay your poor tradesmen; those are debts of honour. *[Half aside.*

Lord Abb. What is it you mutter?—It was you too, I suppose, that drove away my Jew, that came with money to discharge those debts.

Colin. That's true enow, gude faith; I promised him a beating, and I kept my word.

Lord Abb. Rascal, thou'rt born to be my plague.

Colin. Rascal! Your father never used that word.

Lord Abb. On your life, name not him: my heart is torn with vultures, and you feed them. Shall I

keep a servant in my house to drive away my guests, to curb my pleasures, my pursuits, and be a spy upon my very thoughts; to set that cynic Mortimer upon me, and expose me in the moments of my weakness to that snarling humourist?—I want no monitors to reproach me, my own thoughts can do that. [*Exit.*

Colin. Well, well; 'tis very well:—A rascal!—Let it pass—Zooks, I'm the first Macleod that ever heard that word and kept my dirk within my girdle.—Let it pass.—I've seen the world, serv'd a spendthrift, heard myself called rascal, and I'll now jog bock again across the Tweed, and lay my bones amongst my kindred in the isle of Skey; they're all that will be left of me by then I reach the place.

Enter LA JEUNESSE.

La Jeu. Ah! dere he stand, le pauvre Colin in disgrace! Ha, ha, ha! quelle spectacle! Ma foi, I must have one little vord wid him at parting.—Monsieur le Financier, courage; I am inform my lord have sign your lettre de cachet: vat of dat? the air of Scotland will be for your healt; England is not a country for les beaux esprits; de pure air of de Highlands will give you de grand appetit for de bonny clabber.

Colin. Take your jest, Maister Frenchman, at my countrymen and welcome;—the de'il a jest they made of you last war. [*Exit.*

La Jeu. Yes, you are all adroit enough at war, but none of you know how to be at peace. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in MORTIMER's House. Enter MORTIMER, AUBREY, and NAPTHALI.

Mort. And these are all the money dealings you have had with Lord Abberville?

Napth. That is the amount of his debt; the bonds and contracts are in Bridgemore's hands.

Mort. You see your money has not slept in Bridgemore's keeping; your consignment, Mr. Aubrey, is put to pretty good interest. [*Mort. looks over his papers.*]

Napth. Aubrey! Is your name Aubrey, may I ask?

Aub. It is.

Napth. Have you had any dealings with Mr. Bridgemore?

Aub. To my cost.

Napth. Did you consign him merchandize from Scanderoon?

Aub. I am the person who was guilty of that folly?

Napth. Bridgemore, I believe, thought you was dead.

Aub. I take for granted he would gladly have me so.—But do you know any thing of that consignment?

Napth. Heh! do I know of it?—I had better make a friend of him;—'tis up with Bridgemore, fait;—there is no senses in serving him any longer. [*Aside.*]
—Why, you shall know, sir, I was Bridgemore's

broker for your merchandize: here is the abstract of the net proceeds.

[Gives a paper to Aub. who peruses it some time.]

Mort. That's lucky, as I live:—I see an honest man never can want weapons to defeat a knave.—And, pray, sir, what might be your profit on this sale; double commission for a breach of trust—that is the rule of trade, I think.

Napth. I work as others;—I do nothing below market-price.

Mort. You're right, sir; 'twould be starving many an honest family, if you made roguery too cheap.—But get you gone together to my library; I observe a person coming who will interrupt you.—Hark'e, Mr. Aubrey, have an eye to our Jew.

Aub. Trust him to me; I'm pretty well accustom'd to their dealings. [Exit with Napth.]

Enter Dr. DRUID.

Dr. Druid. Save you, sir, save you; is it true I pray you, that a learned gentleman, a traveller, but just arrived, is now with you?

Mort. There is a person under that description in my house.

Dr. Druid. May he be seen, good now? May he be talked with? What has he brought home? Is he well stored with oriental curiosities?

Mort. Faith, sir, indifferent well; he has brought a considerable parcel of sun-dried bricks from the ruins

Hij

of antient Babylon, a heavy collection of ores from the mines of Siberia, and a pretty large cargo of common salt from the banks of the Caspian.

Dr. Druid. Inestimable !

Mort. Oh, sir, mere ballast.

Dr. Druid. Ballast indeed ; and what discoveries does he draw from all these ?

Mort. Why, he has discovered that the bricks are not fit for building ; the mines not worth the working, and the salt not good for preserving : in short, Doctor, he has no taste for these trifles ; he has made the human heart his study ; he loves his own species, and does not care if the whole race of butterflies was extinct.

Dr. Druid. Yes, putterflies—'tis in my mind, d'ye see, what you have said about my putterflies ; 'tis upon my memory ; but no matter—your studies, Mr. Mortimer, and mine, are wide asunder.—But go on—reform the world, you'll find it a tough task ; I am content to take it as I find it.

Mort. While the sun shines, you'll carry a candle ; how will that light them, who travel in the night ? Away with such philosophers, here comes an honest man, and that's a character worth ten on't.

Enter COLIN.

So, Colin, what's the news with you ? If I'm to augur from your countenance, something goes wrong at your house.

Colin. Troth, sir, no mighty matter ; only Laird

Abberville has turned away a troublesome fellow, who bore your honour grete gude will.

Mort. What is't you tell me? Is my Lord determined upon ruin, that he puts away the only honest man belonging to him?

Dr. Druid. By this coot light, and that is well remembered; look'e, I got your wages: come, hold out your hand.

Colin. Excuse me, I'll ha' none on't.

Dr. Druid. No wages? Why 'tis all coot money; 'tis in full. What, man, think better on't: you'll want it when you get to Scotland, ten to one else.

Colin. Like enow, but by my sol I'll touch na sil-
ler; he has geen a title to me, which I hanna merited,
Heaven knows, nor ever shall.

Mort. What title has he given you?

Colin. Saving your presence, it ha' pleas'd my
Laird to say, I am a rascal; but I'll na wear a rascal's
wages in a Scottish pouch: de'il o' my soul, I'd
sooner eat my stroud for famine.

Mort. I think thou would'st, but wait a while with
patience; this rash young man's affairs press to a
crisis; I have yet one effort more to make, which if
it fails I shall take leave of him as well as you.

Enter JARVIS.

Jar. Lord Abberville, sir, desires to speak with
you.

Mort. That's well, Colin, go you with honest
Jarvis. Doctor, for once let us unite our studies in

this cause; come you with me; if my advice can rescue your unhappy pupil from a course of guilty occupations, your philosophy may furnish harmless ones to fill their place: make haste, make haste, here comes the Bridgemores. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Servant, introducing BRIDGEMORE, his Wife and Daughter.

Serv. Please to walk in here; my master will wait upon you immediately.

Bridge. Nobody here!—Hark'e, friend, I expected to meet a stranger: a Gentleman just landed from Scanderoon. Know you of such a one?

Serv. He is now in the house.

Luc. And Mr. Tyrrel, sir, is he at home?

Serv. He is; they both will wait upon you presently. [*Exit.*]

Bridge. That's well, that's well; as for old surly-boots we could well spare his company; 'tis a strange dogged fellow, and execrated by all mankind.

Mrs. Bridge. Thank Heaven, he is a man one seldom meets; I little thought of ever setting foot in his house: I hope the savage won't grow ceremonious and return the visit.

Luc. Unless he brings his nephew in his hand.

Enter MORTIMER.

Mort. Ladies, you do me honour. Mr. Bridgemore, you come here upon a melancholy errand—

Bridge. True, sir, but death you know is common

to all men; I look'd to meet a Gentleman here—this is all lost time.

Mort. True: therefore, before he comes, let us fill it up with something more material: I have a business to propose to you, which I consider as my own. You must know, sir, I've a nephew——

Bridge. Mr. Tyrrel, I suppose?

Mort. The same.

Mrs. Bridge. Mind that, Lucy, he is opening his commission.

Luc. La, ma'am, you put me into such a flutter—

Mort. There is a certain Lady, Mr. Bridgemore, whom, on this occasion, you must father.

Bridge. How tedious he is! Cou'dn't he as well have nam'd my daughter?—Well, sir, what are your expectations from that lady?

Mort. Nay, nothing but what you can readily supply: I know no good thing she stands in want of, but a fortune.

Bridge. Well, and who doubts but on a proper occasion I shall give her one? Ay, and a tolerable fortune too, Mr. Mortimer, as times go.

Mort. The fortune you was to have given my ward, Lord Abberville, will just suffice: I think the sum was forty thousand pounds.

Bridge. Why you speak out at once.

Mort. That's ever been my custom; I abominate long sleepy processes; life don't allow of 'em.

Bridge. But I hear nothing on your part; Mr. Tyrrel, as I take it, is wholly dependant on your

bounty—besides, affairs, as I conceive, are yet scarce ripe.

Luc. Indeed, papa, you're very much mistaken.

Mrs. Bridge. Why really, Mr. Mortimer, the parties should at least be suffer'd to consult each other's inclinations.

Mort. By all means; let 'em speak for themselves: 'tis their own cause, and they will plead it best: hark'e, come in: sir, these are the parties.

Enter TYRREL and MISS AUBREY.

Luc. Ah!

Mort. What ails you; have you trod upon a thorn?

Mrs. Bridge. Astonishing assurance! Augusta here?

Mort. Yes: Francis Tyrrel and Augusta Aubrey. Do the names offend you? Look at the parties, are they not well-match'd? Examine them, they'll tell you they're agreed. Who shall forbid their union?

Luc. Who cares about it? If Mr. Tyrrel and the lady are agreed, that's enough: I suppose it is not necessary for us to be present at the ceremony.

Bridge. Ay, sir, I pray you, where's the occasion for us to be call'd in, because your nephew chooses to take up with an unworthy girl, that I once harbour'd upon charity?

Tyr. Hold your audacious tongue: let conscience keep you silent.

Aug. Hush, hush! you frighten me; pray be compos'd; and let me own that no injustice, no severity

can wholly cancel what I owe to Mr. Bridgemore for his past protection, and that share of education he allowed me; but when he puts this to the account of charity, he takes a virtue foreign to his heart, and only aggravates the shame that's falling on him.

Mr. Bridge. Is the man thunder-struck; why don't you answer?

Mort. Charity keeps him silent.

Luc. Come, let's begone: her words have daggers in 'em, and her looks have poison.

Aug. Before you go, Miss Bridgemore, suffer me to ask, when you related Lord Abberville's adventure to Mr. Tyrrel, why you suppress'd the evidence of your own maid, who conducted him into my chamber!

Luc. Miss Aubrey, if it ever is your fate to have a rival, you will find an answer to that question.

[Exit with Mrs. Bridge.

Mort. Hold; you and I, sir, must not part.

[To Bridge. as he is going.

Bridge. Well, sir, your pleasure?

Aug. I suffer for him; this is a scene I wish not to be present at. [Exit.

Tyr. Well, Mr. Bridgemore, you that harbour'd my Augusta upon charity, I shall leave my uncle to discharge my obligations to you on that score, together with his own. [Exit.

Mort. Well, sir, we're now alone; and if it needs must be that one of us shall come to shame, 'tis well we are so. It is thought I am a hard unfeeling man:

let it be so: you shall have justice notwithstanding: innocence requires no more. You are accus'd; defend yourself.

Bridge. Accus'd of what; and who is my accuser?

Mort. A man; and you shall face him like a man. Who waits? [*Enter a Servant.*] Desire the stranger to come hither. [*Exit Servant.*] Fear nothing; we're enough to try this question; where the human heart is present, and the appeal is made to Heaven, no jury need be summoned. Here is a stranger has the confidence to say that your pretensions to charity are false: nay, he arraigns your honesty; a charge injurious to any man, but mortal to a trader, and level'd at the vital root of his profession.

Bridge. Ay, 'tis the Turkey merchant I suppose; let him come in; I know upon what ground I stand, and am afraid of no man living.

Mort. We shall try that. [*Aside.*] Do you know this gentleman?

Enter AUBREY.

Bridge. Aubrey! [*Starting.*]

Aub. Thou wretch!

Bridge. He lives!

Aub. To thy confusion——Rais'd by the bounty of my family, is this your gratitude? When in the bitterness of my distress I put an infant daughter in your hands, the last weak sycon of a noble stock, was it to rob me you received her; to plunder and defraud an helpless orphan, as you thought her,

and rise upon the ruins of your benefactor's fortune?

Bridge. Oh! I am trepan'd! How shall I look my wife and daughter in the face! [*Aside.*]

Aub. Where have you lodged the money I deposited with you at parting? I find my daughter destitute: what have you done with the remittances I sent from time to time? But above all, where is the produce of the Neptune's cargo? Villain, look here, I have the proofs; this is the abstract of the sale; if you dispute it, I am here provided with a witness, your Jew broker, ready at hand to attest it to your face.

Bridge. Expose me not; I will refund to the last farthing: I dispute nothing; call him not in.

Mort. There's no occasion for witnesses when a man pleads guilty.

Enter Miss AUGUSTA AUBREY and throws herself on her knees to her Father.

Aug. Dear sir, upon my knees, I do beseech you mitigate your severity; it is my first petition; he's detected, let his conscience add the rest.

Aub. Rise my beloved child, it shall be so. There, sir, your pardon be your punishment; it was my money only you attempted; my choicest treasure you have left untouch'd: now go and profit by this meeting: I will not expose you: learn of you fraternity a more honourable practice; and let integrity for

ever remain the inseparable characteristic of an English merchant.

Mort. Stay; I've another point to settle with you; you're a creditor of Lord Abberville's: I find you've put Miss Aubrey's money to extraordinary interest: Jarvis, shew this gentleman into my library; you'll find a lawyer there will settle your accounts.

Bridge. I think you've pretty well done that already—A fine visit truly I have made on't; and a fine reception I shall meet at home. [*Exit.*]

Aub. So! This uneasy business past, let us now turn to happiness: where is your nephew?

Mort. Conferring with Lord Abberville.

Aug. Lord Abberville! You frighten me.

Mort. Fear nothing; you will find him a new man; a deep incision has let out the disorder; and I hope a healthy regimen in time will heal the wound; in short I can't be idle; and now Frank is off my hands, I've once more undertaken to set this rickety babe of quality upon his legs—Oh, here he comes; why this is as it should be; now you look like friends.

Lord ABBERVILLE and Mr. TYRREL.

Lord Abb. May we be ever so! O, Mortimer, I blush to look upon that lady; your reproofs I bore with some composure; but methinks was she to chide me, I should sink with shame.

Aug. You've nothing, my Lord Abberville, to apprehend from me: I should be loth to give an interruption to your happiness in the height of my own.

Aub. Give me thy hand, Augusta—In the hope that I was labouring for thy sake, and in thy person that I should restore the prostrate fortunes of an ancient house, I have toiled on through eighteen years of wearisome adventure: crown'd with success, I now at length return, and find my daughter all my fondest hope could represent; but past experience makes me provident: I would secure my treasure; I would bestow it now in faithful hands—What say you, sir, will you accept the charge?

[To Tyr.]

Tyr. Yes, and will bear it ever in my sight, watch over it with unremitting love, and guard it with my life.

Aub. What says my child, my dear Augusta? But I read her looks—Blest be you both!

Mort. Amen, say I. Live an example to the age; and when I read the list of marriages, as I do that of burials, with a sigh, let me have this to say, that there was one example of felicity.

Lord Abb. O, Frank, 'tis hard to speak the word, but you deserve her; yours is the road to happiness: I have been lost in error, but I shall trace your steps, and press to overtake you.

Mort. Why, that's well said; there spoke your fa-

ther from within you : now begone ; fly to the altars of your country lares ; visit that nurse of contemplation, solitude ; and while you range your groves, that shook at every rattle of the dice, ask of your reason why you was a gamester.

Lord Abb. I've been a madman ; I have lost an humble faithful friend, whose services would be invaluable.

Mort. Why ay, your Highlander, your poor Macleod ; our plan must stop without his help ; I'm but a projector, he must execute—but there likewise I can serve you.

Lord Abb. O Mortimer, how much have I mistaken thee !

Mort. Come, come, I have my faults ; I'm an untoward fellow, and stand as much in need of a reform as any of you all.

Enter Dr. DRUID hastily, followed by COLIN.

Dr. Druid. Tutor me truly—talk to me ! Pray, gentlemens, bear witness : is Master Colins here a proper teacher of the dialects, d'ye see, and pronunciations of the English tongue ?

Colin. Why not ? Is there not Duncan Ross of Aberdeen, that lectures twice a week in oratory at the Seven Dials ? and does not Sawney Ferguson, a cousin of mine awn, administer the English language in its utmost elegance at Amsterdam ?

Dr. Druid. Bear witness; that is all I say, bear witness.

Mort. We do: there is not one amongst us, Doctor, but can witness to some noble act of Colin's; and we would not wound his harmless vanity, for any bribe that you can offer.

Lord Abb. Colin, I've done you wrong: but I was not myself; be you no worse a servant than you have been, and you shall find henceforward I will be a better master.

Colin. I'm satisfied; an you'll neglect yoursall na more than I shall do, things will gang well enow.

Tyr. I must apologize to Colin too; like my Lord Abberville, I was not myself when I rebuff'd you on the business of Miss Aubrey's letter.

Colin. Say no more, Maister Tyrrel; 'tis not for a mon to resent the pertness of a cheeld, or the petulance of a lover.

Aug. But what shall I say to him? Where shall I find words to thank him as I ought?

Aub. I father all your obligations; 'twas not you but me his bounty sav'd.

Lord Abb. Hold, sir; in point of obligation, I stand first. By how much there is more disgrace in doing than in suffering a violence, by so much I am more his debtor than you all.

Colin. Ecod, and that is true enew; Heaven sends misfortunes, but the de'il sends mischief.

Dr. Druid. Well, Master Colin, all is past and

over; you have got your place again, and all is well. Coot now, let me admonish you for the future to be quiet and hear reason; moderate your choler and your passions and your partialities: it is not for a clown like you to prattle and dispute with me; in fait you should know better.

Mort. Come, come, 'tis you that should know better; in this poor Highlander, the force of prejudice has some plea, because he is a clown; but you, a citizen that should be of the world, whose heart, philosophy and travel might have open'd, should know better than to join the cry with those, whose charity, like the limitation of a brief, stops short at Berwick, and never circulates beyond the Tweed: by Heaven, I'd rather weed out one such unmanly prejudice from the hearts of my countrymen, than add another Indies to their empire.

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MRS. BARRY.

*LADIES, your country's ornament and pride,
Ye, whom the nuptial deity has tied
In silken fetters, will ye not impart
For pity's sake, some portion of your art
To a mere novice, and prescribe some plan
How you would have me live with my good man?*

*Tell me, if I should give each passing hour
To love of pleasure or to love of power;
If with the fatal thirst of desperate play
I should turn day to night and night to day:
Had I the faculty to make a prize
Of each pert animal that meets my eyes,
Say are these objects worth my serious aim;
Do they give happiness, or health, or fame?
Are hecatombs of lovers hearts of force
To deprecate the demons of divorce?*

*Speak, my advisers, shall I gain the plan
Of that bold club, which gives the law to man,
At their own weapon that proud sex defies
And sets up a new female paradise?*

*Lights for the ladies ! Hark, the bar-bells sound !
Shew to the club-room—See the glass goes round—
Hail happy meeting of the good and fair,
Soft relaxation from domestic care,
Where virgin minds are early train'd to loo,
And all Newmarket opens to the view.*

*In these gay scenes shall I affect to move,
Or pass my hours in dull domestic love ?
Shall I to rural solitudes descend,
With Tyrrel my protector, guardian, friend ;
Or to the rich Pantheon's round repair,
And blaze the brightest heathen goddess there ?
Where shall I fix ? Determine ye who know,
Shall I renounce my husband, or Soho ?
With eyes half open'd and an aching head,
And ev'n the artificial roses dead,
When to my toilette's morning task resign'd,
What visitations then may seize my mind !*

*Save me, just Heaven, from such a painful life,
And make me an unfashionable wife !*

THE END.

Cumberland, Richard,

The fashionable Lover

London 1793

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